IN THIS NUMBER

CAROLYN WELLS, RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, WALT MASON, TOM P. MORGAN—15 OTHERS

Judge

MAY 8, 1920
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JUDGE

"THE HAPPY MEDIUM"

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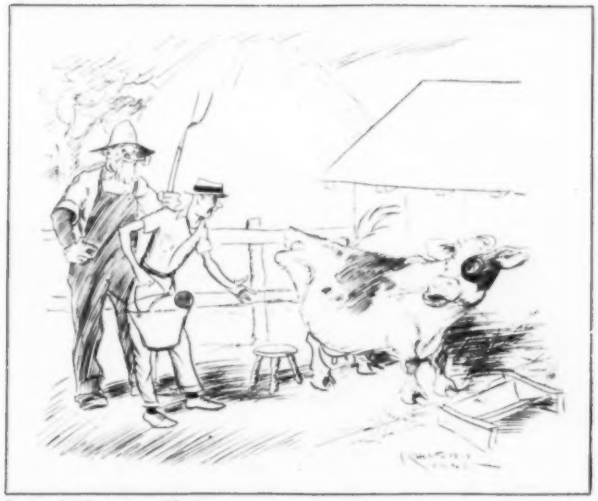
Drawn by WALTER DE MARIS

The Daughter—There, father; I played it all the way through without the music.
The Father—(facetiously) Hm—I thought something was lacking.

Drawn by Orson Lowell

"Eighty cents for a song by Arthur Whiting! Why, my goodness, I can get a whole book of Schubert for that."
"Oh, well, he's a foreigner. You can't expect our American composers to work for those kind o'wages."



Drawn by Crawford Young

Farmer (to new farm-hand from the city)—Well, why don't ye milk 'er?

"Why, I can't make her sit down on th' milk stool!"

A Catalogue of Feline Frivols

Modeled on Every "Woman's Page"

By Carolyn Wells

Author of "The Rubaiyat of a Motor Car," "The Lover's Baedeker," "Baubles," "Vicky Van," etc.

Tasty Tricks

HAVE you a little ferry boat in your home? If not, an unused square piano will do nicely. Open it and draw it, being careful to remove all the strings and things, and throw away the cover. Add a push handle and you have a beautiful and novel tea-wagon, of ample roominess, an advantage never found in the foolish affairs for sale at the shops.

Hammered brass and clay modeling are a bit passée. But a new and delightful art is chiseling in boiled rice. Have the stuff cold and firm, and go about it like the sand artists at the seashore resorts. You can make a charming Lion of Lucerne or Hero in Khaki and keep it under a glass bell on the center table. It will be admired by all comers.

Needlework Notes

To patch up a quarrel. First give him a piece of your mind. Then smooth it over and press carefully, and the scrap will scarcely be noticeable.

To mend your ways. If it was a very bad tear, do not try to mend them, throw them away and get new ones.

To darn rents. Get good and mad, put on your best clothes, and then go and see your landlord.

To ruffle your temper. Try to make a telephone call.

Fur, Fat and Forty

Yes, my dear well-rounded matrons, this is for you. I am your Aunt Cicely, given to high living and plain speaking. I know you, I know all your little anxieties, and I know you have all the fur, all the fat, and all the forty you can stagger under, and you want to know where you are going next. Well, my dearies, you can't go anywhere. It isn't done, by people in your class. But if, all ill-advisedly, you do try to start something, watch your step, and in the famous histrionic words, Walk, do not run!

The New Poetry

inner of the Prize of the Free-For-All Verse Society

Oh, my tomato!
My beautiful, red, ripe, yea—over-ripe tomato!
My undressed tomato—naked, yet unashamed.
Poised was my knife
To slice the red heart of it—
When
A band passed
And I looked out of the window,
And from my trembling fingers
The ripe, over-ripe tomato slipped
Slipped——
And fell—and fell—
But by good luck
It fell upon
A lady's hat.
And everybody thought
It belonged there.

What the Self-Made Woman Will Wear

Ears—Like débutantes, ears are coming out this season, and the self-made woman will do her side-muffs a little higher and push them up a little tighter, as the long-lost ears come in again.

Make-up—Any woman can make up a yarn, a quarrel or a

Drawn by Russ Westover

"I've had this suit on for five days now an' I'm going to shake it as soon as I get to New York."

"I dare say it's pretty dusty, old top."

bel, but it takes a clever cutie to make up her face properly. Noses are worn much whiter than last season, and beside the marshmallow nose, the chin and jowls must have the kalsomined effect of Marceline. The rouge is of deeper tint and extends higher into the temples than formerly, and the new lip tints are the crude tomato red of a flannel pincushion. Sooty finger dabs are worn under the eyes, and any self-made girl can boast that her face is her Get-Rich-Quick.

Answers to the Anxious

"Ethel"—Yes, it would be a very pretty idea to get up a "shower" for your man friend about to be married. Why not make it, appropriately, a shower of wet goods—a real hard shower—with flashes, say, of Jersey lightning?

"Frantic"—You say the man you love is unfaithful, and what shall you do? But you neglect to state whether he is unfaithful to you, or for you—it makes all the difference in the world!

Catty Hints

"Felinette"—Try this speech on her: "Well, you can't say *I* ever tell you the things people say about you!"

"Skinny Winnie"—Yes, of course you must get even with your fat friend. Suppose you carry a pair of scissors with you, and some night at a formal dinner, reach around and snip her shoulder-straps. You will be surprised at the result.

How the Other Half Lives

Interesting Truths Gleaned from Unexpected Sources

Mrs. Bragg's laundress says that though Mrs. B. has some lovely undies, the ones she wears ordinarily are not only plain and coarse but patched and ragged.

Mr. Spudds, the market man, says that except when Mrs. Lavish is entertaining, her bills are incredibly small.

Mrs. Cornerhouse, a neighbor, says that from the shadow on the blind late at night, she deduces that Mr. Van Bibber subscribes to the doctrine, "His drink is most lasting who drinketh alone!"

"An underhand," who works in Mme. Mode's establishment says that Mrs. Ritchie rakes off goodly commissions by sending customers there.

A Free Love Verse

Ah, fragrant yearning of the over-soul.
Ecstatic frenzy burns my spirit through;
And midst the murk,
The tendriled clinging murk,
Where jasper winds shriek o'er the fleecy main,
The silvery shadows roseate glow,
And I
And thou
Gleam ghostly in the land of ne'er to be.
Farewell—well—well!

Helps for the "Help"

These hints will be found invaluable to the Shirking Classes. Here is a bit of advice to parlor-maids:

If you are sent down by your mistress to say she is not at home, give the message in a convincing manner, otherwise the caller will not believe it. A good way is to saunter into the drawing-room smoking a cigarette. Wear your hands on your hips, make your announcement, and then, picking up a book, throw yourself into a big lounging chair, cross your legs, and close your eyes, ignoring the visitor. This convinces her your mistress is not at home, and she will probably leave at once, whereupon you will fitly rewarded be.

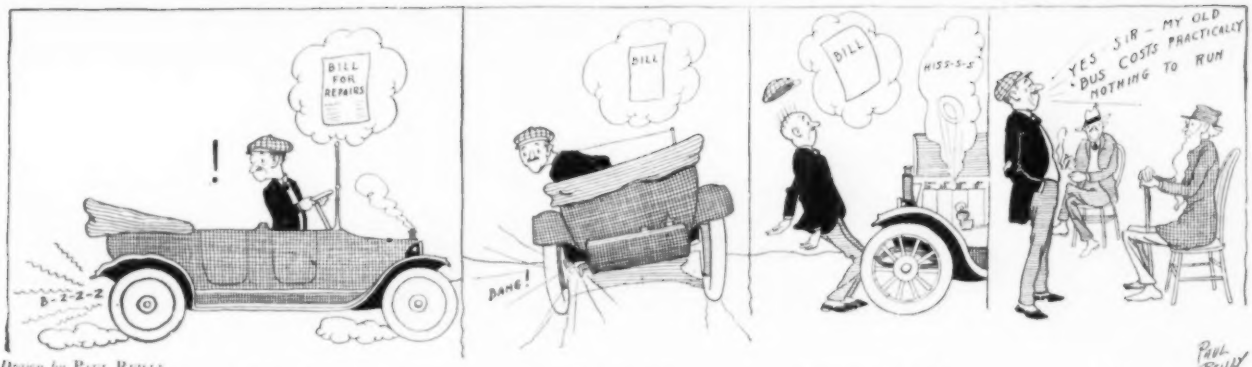
Our Puzzle Corner

What is it that even the most conservative woman secretly longs for, though she knows it is unconventional? Yet the same unwritten law of convention allows a man to have as many as he wants. So many that he cares little for them; often even

Drawn by Calvert Smith

The Town Clock

"Oh, Central, please give me the correct time."



Drawn by Paul Reilly

Four or five teeth off the Differential — Busted Rear Axle — Cracked Cylinder — ! ! !

You Know This Man

forgets they are his. And yet, at times he will confide his dearest secrets to them, matters which he would never tell his wife! To them he will trust his wealth, his love letters, even his good name; and suddenly, wealth and all, he will toss them aside, throw them down, only to want them back again the next day. Yet to a woman who craves and yearns for only one, it is sternly forbidden. What is it?

Answer—A pocket.

An Unpleasant State of Affairs

By Kenneth L. Roberts

UNPLEASANT my life and heart-breaking my lot:
I'm under a terrible strain;
For the weather is cold when I think 'twill be hot,
And it's dry when I think it will rain.
When I think it will rain, it is horribly dry:
Now where is the mental defect
Which makes me like that? I would like to know why
Things *never* do what I expect!

How often I notice with envious eyes
The sudden ascent of a stock,
And, thinking it's sure to continue to rise,
Invest with all speed in a block;
Whereat the said stock tumbles down with a crash,
My hopes and my profits are wrecked,
And I am divested of most of my cash—
Things *never* do what I expect!

When, once in a while, a stock that I own
Reluctantly starts to ascend,
I constantly fear lest it drop like a stone
And give me no profits to spend;
And so I sell out when it's up three or four,
But ere I have time to collect,
I see it go leaping up twenty points more!
Things *never* do what I expect!

You'd think, when my judgment advises a move,
That I'd move in the opposite way?
I've tried it, my friends; but such facts only prove
That I always move wrong, as I say.
I'm not even right when I think that I'm wrong;
All thoughts I am moved to reject;
For though I may figure for ever so long,
Things *never* do what I expect!

Not if It Went by Post

Flora—I think I'll write a letter to Burleson and complain about our mail service.

Fauna—What's the use? He'd never get it!

Wifey May Faint

Jones—Hello, Doc. I wish you would go right on up to my house.

Doctor—Certainly. Anything serious?

Jones—Not yet; but there may be. I've just sent up a load of coal.

Drawn by A. Machefert + A. C.

Wifey—That reminds me, Henry, we must get the plumber to fix that leak in the bathroom.

"Whenas in Silks—"

By William Rose Benét

No modern author in my opinion does full justice to the female characters of his fancy—I mean, in his books. "She was an ash-blonde," they say, or "She had on a blue dress." I've heard a lot about this hair known as ash-blonde—but I'll be goshdarned if I've ever seen it. Yet that is the modern author's pinnacle of phrase for girlish tresses As for girlish dresses—my Heaven, The Cloak and Suit Review puts it all over him! He may go as far as saying that her gown was by Worth or Paquin—but genuine up-to-dateness simply isn't in him. He usually—and I'll even include "she" in these extremely distasteful remarks—is strong on "frocks." "She wore a lemon-colored frock." That, thinks the author—or even authoress—lets me out neatly. Whereas—what mention of topliners among the model-artists like Patou, Jenny, Premet, Bulloz, Doucet, Brandt, and Agnes? Poiret is occasionally dragged in by the heels. Yet what of Beer—yes, but he's *not* 2.75—(or *she*—I'm really stuck here myself. I've never visualized completely who Beer is—though I certainly know what—but we'll let that pass!) Beer, the necromancer of brocades! Does any modern author fully realize, furthermore, that straight chemise lines now seem quite passe to Paris, while "frocks fashioned with the closely draped bodice and some one of the many versions of the soft full skirt, whether widened by side hip draperies, by flounces or by tunics, have the appeal of novelty?"

Drawn by R. B. Fuller

Mrs. Smith (to husband)—Isn't it a shame, John, that so many school-teachers are resigning?

Ah, Madeleine-Madeleine, miracle-mongers of the Moyen Age girdle—what author would remark that "Listerine was 'enveloped in cinnamon and gold brocade, draped closely to the figure, with horizontal folds. Above the bodice of brocade appeared a sheer yoke of cinnamon net.'" And yet—the poetry of the technical but plastic phrases! For the simple ingenue about to be swallowed in the madness and crime of Rahway or some other metropolitan environ, what sweeter than one's first sight of her while "straight down the entire left side of the front of the skirt and down the right side of the back, gleamed a three-inch band of large buttercups, sewed on flat?" Opposite to her sparkles the sorceress of the story, either, of course, in "a stunning evening gown of chartreuse and silver brocade"—a naked-back dress, be it whispered—entirely sleeveless!—or "the skirt, fashioned with a marvelously looped overdrapery, extending in a graceful line from hip-line to hip-line, looping to the hem in front and merging into a long square panel train at the back." Beware! Indeed, I should timorously avaunt from such a woman!

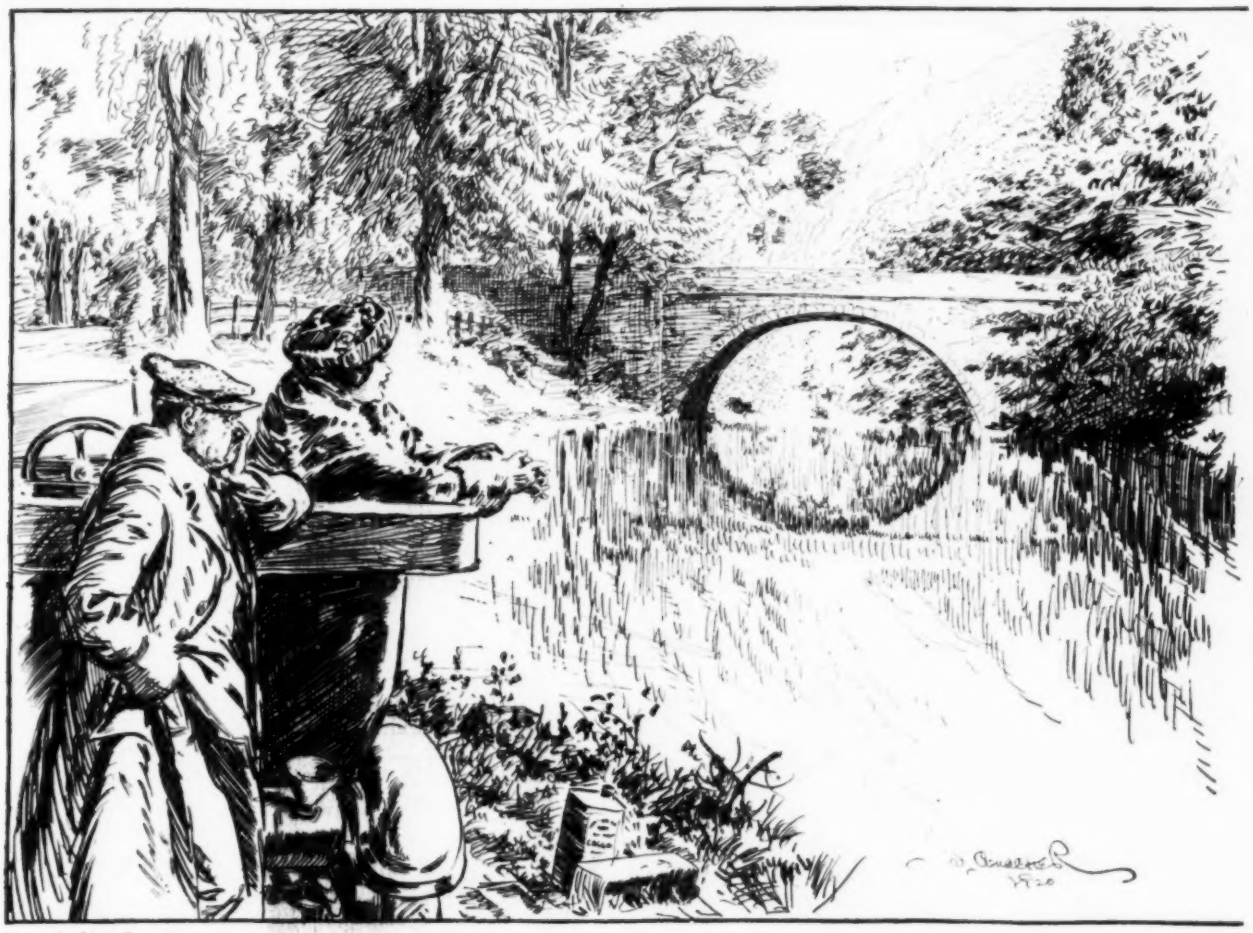
What wrong has been done our heroines of fiction! What opportunities their creators have missed! The "feminine silhouette" as the modistes have it, how flat—yea, how stale and unprofitable when left to the unlettered author. What knows he of "bouffant movement at hips" or Renée frocks or "draped surplice?" Even the ordinary "peltry" developments of the season have him buffaloed. Snappy four-button suits for $18.75 is about where he gets off, "on the racks for immediate delivery." "Novelty blouses"!

I am quite in earnest. I plead for true observation and expression of the terrifying spectacle and spectacular nomenclature of the modern woman's clothes. It is all wrong, Edward, it is all wrong for even Hobart W. Shameyer to be beaten to a frazzle in sartorial, I

Drawn by D. F. Peters + A. C.

"This paper says the Europeans have such huge national debts that they find it impossible to borrow any more money."

"Poor beggars! I know just how they feel."



Drawn by JOHN CONACHER

"Oh! John, what a heavenly stream!"
John (out of fuel and 20 miles from nowhere)—Huh! I don't see anything so darn heavenly about it. 'Taint gasoline and 'taint beer.

had almost said "gustatorial," description by the house-organs and trade-journals of apparel. There only truly is modern femininity ambered in history. And when in 2500 some blear savant pores upon the records of our age—whither will he turn for a real face-to-face envisagement of all our lovely ladies? To the novels of Whoopiner Orris, Gerald Will Write, Newport News? Nay, nay! I fear me—I fear me sadly—to the pages, the thrilling, coruscating, diaphanous pages of The Cloak and Suit Review!

When Safe to Marry

Deacon Gildroy says that if a man loves a women well enough to cheerfully write a check in payment for her new fall suit, though he knows it means that he will have to make his old overcoat do another winter, it is safe to marry her.

And Mrs. Deacon Gildroy says that if you love a man well enough to think you would like to see the floor of the closet littered up with his old shoes it will be perfectly safe to marry him.

The New Sport

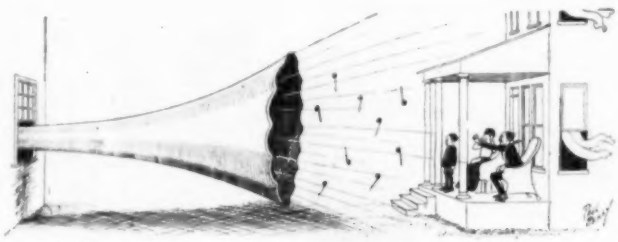
Lies crushed to earth shall rise again.

Not because they like to be known as lies, but because they like a bout with a cop.

Time was when no one wanted to have a wrong opinion on a public question.

But since wrong thinking on public questions has become a crime every one wants to be wrong just to be agin' the Government.

It's a great life these days if you can only keep wrong long enough to get found out.



Drawn by PAUL REILLY

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S PHONOGRAPH

Interested

"It's a dangerous act. I hope he don't fall."

"Friend of his?"

"No, I'm his understudy."

Drawn by Chester I. Garde

"And, so, my little man, you are hurrying for fear you will be late for school?"

"You bet I am. It's burnin' down."

The Way with Women

By Tom P. Morgan

"WHAT was coming off at your place last night Gap?" asked an acquaintance. "As I rid past, along in the shank of the evening, I heered a right lively hooraw going on in the house, and then the front door booled open and out you poured along with a mess of kids and varmints, something like the water used to pour down at What-d'ye-call-it, in the Third Reader."

"Aw, I'll tell you," returned Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "Me and wife was setting there, all ca'm and contented in the midst of the dogs and children, when she happened to mention that she'd seed in the paper where it said good-looking women were fetching $1.30 apiece in Turkey. I says, 'Well, I reckon a woman is worth $1.30 of any man's money,' says I. 'That is, if she's right good looking.' And she rotched something off'm the stove—a skillet, I reckon it was—and smacked me on the head with it, and I was staggering about, trying to find whur I was at and sorter tromping on such of the dogs and children as were scattered around, she grabbed up a stew-pan of hot water, and let me have it that is, what of it didn't scatter and splash on the dogs and young 'uns and we all ejaculated out of there as agile as possible. Of course, later I had to settle it the best I could; I owned up that a woman didn't have to be so thundering good looking to be worth $1.30. You know how wives is that-a-way; you've got to give in to 'em and admit they're right, whether they are or not."

In Tune with the Past

"What have you to offer my daughter?"

"Well, sir, I think I can support her in the same domestic discord to which she has been accustomed."

Fair Ladies

By Russell McCarthy

BATTERED and boomed the ichthyosaurus,
Crashing a hillock to dust in delight—
"We'll scatter the mountains like pebbles before us,"
He said to his queen in the gathering light.

With tail like a porker and eyes like a rabbit
And trunk like a pillar that's turned to a worm,
The mastodon shied at a mouse ('twas his habit!)
And mousey shied too at the mild pachyderm.

The singing at dawn of the weird dinosaurus
Was broken with shrieks for the mate of his dreams,
While she, modest lady, soon joined in the chorus
And raised him a note with her jovial screams.

The cave-bear went forth for a two-legged runner
To bring to his love for her breakfasting bite;
The proud pleosaurus, whose wont was to shun her,
Made love to his mistress from morning to night.

And even the two-legged runner, the cave-man,
Went out for a mammoth to cook for his lunch:
He knew of a woman who'd make him a slave-man,
And somehow, that morning, he'd gotten a hunch.

For see, it was far in the days before Adam,
And April was wine in the jubilant air,
And every grim beast at the feet of his madam
Made oath in the spring that his lady was fair

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"Gracious! I wish father's indigestion would get better. There's no use tackling him for a nickel till it does."

"She Has a Hundred Tales to Tell of Martyrdom She's Bearing"

The Talkers

By Walt Mason

Illustration by Ralph Barton

THE world is full of woe, oh chee! Its misery is shocking; and nearly all the grief we see is due to useless talking. We talk too much, from birth to death, the proof grows ever stronger; we use in talk our vital breath, until it's drawn no longer.

Go through the world, oh, doubting dears, that should be full of roses, and gaze upon the damaged ears, and count the bleeding noses. For daily people talk too much, as idly they meander; they chase around and get in Dutch repeating chunks of slander. The slandered parties then uploom, with fiery, vengeful glances, and fit the talksmiths for the tomb, or for the ambulances. We're always talking, brave and bold, of people and conditions, and then we have our heads half-soled by grave and learned physicians. For talking leads to biffs and swats, to doctor bills that bore us, to long and painful days on cots, with nurses bending o'er us.

'Tis talking spoils domestic peace and fills with desolation once happy homes, that should not cease to ornament this nation. The workworn husband journeys home, at finish of his labors, and hopes to read some helpful tome, or gossip with his neighbors. Alas, he has a talking wife, who always words is venting; she makes a burden of his life, by whining and lamenting. She has a hundred tales to tell of martyrdom she's bearing, and oft he wonders how in Hannibal, Mo., a man could keep from swearing. She has a hundred pressing needs (may woe for aye betide her!) and he must dig the hard-earned seeds he'd hoped to blow for cider. He cannot read his treasured books, he cannot read the papers; and so he shrieks and cries "Gadzooks!" and cuts some crime-wave capers. And then the public prints relate just how a rattled father burned down his house and slew his mate, and caused the cops much bother. "The greatest brute that ever was," the public prints declare him; but they have overlooked the cause that made him wreck his harem.

Oh, every minute I am roiled by this or that or t'other. I see the growing children spoiled by talking dad or mother. You ought to see my Willie jump, without a thought of roaring, when I admonish him to hump and do his daily choring. The baleful gleam in my left eye obedience induces; he does not ask the reason why, or hand me cheap excuses.

But Johnson, in the next door shack, keeps talking to his kiddies; he's always begging Jim or Jack to hunt the errant biddies; they care not for his threats or pleas, or of the things he's wishing; they're hunting worms and baits like these, with which to go a-fishing. Oh, Johnson is a feckless dub; if wisdom he would borrow, he'd do his talking with a club, and dodge some future sorrow.

No wonder that the cynic guys view life with mirth and mocking; the dead ones only are the wise; the rest of us are talking.

Standardized Tooting

By Harry Hamilton

LOCOMOTIVE whistles mean something definite. There are short blasts and long blasts and combinations of the two. Should not the horn of the motor-car also mean something definite?

Not only would a code of barks or toots be of real help to the motorist, but it would add much to the pleasure of those who dwell by the wayside, and who might interpret by the hour of, say, a Sunday afternoon

To make a beginning, suppose that six short blasts of the motor-horn, thus:

— — — — — —

means in gas-gig language, "I am about to take a chance on the next crossing without slowing up." What a feeling of security it would give to the man at the wheel if from somewhere around the corner he got the answering signal, two short blasts:

— — (*Go to it!*)

You observe what possibilities there are in the notion. Here they are but sketched; by the Automobile Association of America, or some such authorized body, signals might be standardized. Even these:

——— —— ——— ——— (*A long, a short, and two longs.*)

Meaning: "This is my first attempt at running a car. If you value your life and property, give me room."

—— —— —— ——— (*Three shorts and a long blast.*)

Drawn by Crawford Young

Real Estate Agent—Now this house was actually built by a Revolutionary General!
Prospect—Why in thunder did he build it so far from the trolley?

Message from chauffeur to the nearest garage keeper: "The simp who owns this car thinks there is something the matter with it. Soak him proper and we'll split fifty-fifty."

—— —— —— —— —— —— (*Succession of short sharp toots.*)

Signifying: "There is a rube cop at the next cross-roads laying for speeders."

——— ——— —— (*Two longs and a short.*)

Conveying the idea: "Where is the nearest speak-easy road-house?"

Some spring—next spring, perhaps—the book-shops may offer for sale, "How To Tell the Motor Calls; A Work for Nature Lovers."

Drawn by Russ Westover

Watchful Waiting—What Every Gardener Imagines

The Usual Thing

"If all the world were mine to give—"
How often has that yarn
Been told by gents so indigent
They couldn't give a darn?

A Portrait in Putty

Stammering Lieut.—Does anybody know where I put-put-put my put-put-put-put-puttees?

Captain (in next room)—Ah! They've got that Ford to working at last!

Conversation as an Art

"How'dy?"
"How're you?"
"Fine."
"That's good."
"What's new?"
"Same old—eh?"
"Come round soon."
"Sure."
"By-bye."
"So long."

A New Portrait of Richard Le Gallienne

Ballade of the Absent Guest

By Richard Le Gallienne

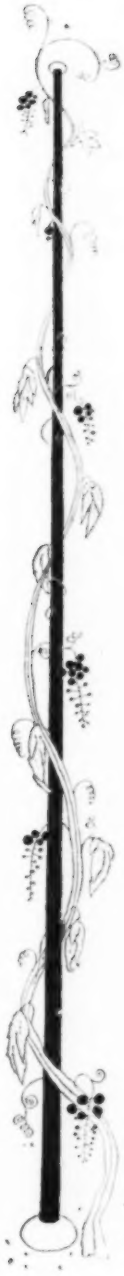
FRIENDS whom tonight once more I greet,
Most glad am I with you to be,
And, as I look around, I meet
Many a face right good to see;
But one I miss—ah! where is he?—
Of merry eye and sparkling jest,
Who used to brim my glass for me:
I drink—in what?—the Absent Guest.

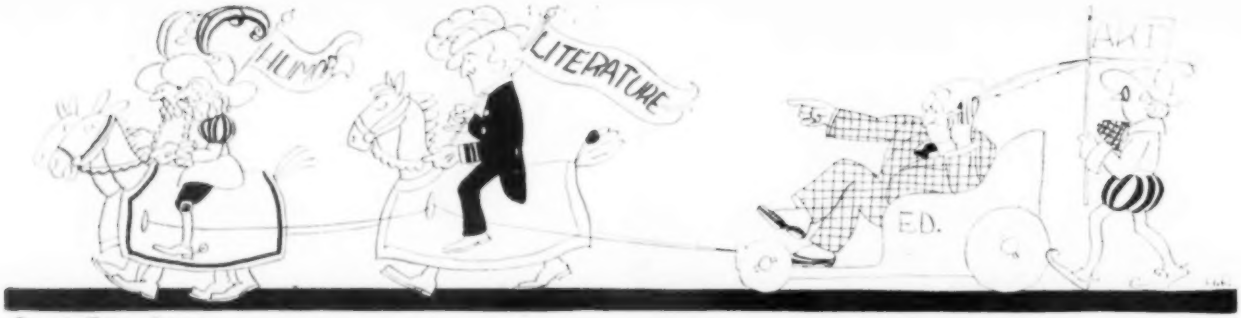
Low lies he in his winding-sheet,
By organized hypocrisy
Hurled from his happy vine-clad seat;
Stilled his kind heart and hushed his glee;
His very name daren't mention we,
That good old friend who brought such zest,
And set our tongues and spirits free:
I drink—in what?—the Absent Guest.

No choice tonight 'twixt "dry" or "sweet,"
'Twixt red or white, 'twixt Rye—ah, me!
Or Scotch—and think! we live to see it!
Nor whispered word, nor massive fee,
Nor even influenza 'plea,
Can raise a bubble; but, as best
We may, we make our hollow spree:
I drink—in what?—the Absent Guest.

Envoi

Friends, good is coffee, good is tea,
And water has a charm unguessed—
And yet that brave old deity!
I drink—in tears—the Absent Guest.





Drawn by Herman Palmer

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Perriton Maxwell, *Editor* J. V. Waldron, *Associate Editor*

That Spectral Panic

PROPHETS arise daily to warn us of a looming panic—one so frightful that all previous Black Fridays shall seem as bright as a bride's marriage-morning face. Seemingly we are as deaf as Sodom and Gomorrah. Secretly we recall Mother Hubbard, lay an extra bag of potatoes in the cellar, and plume ourselves upon being a second edition of Joseph of the famine. Having taken these precautions we turn over the panic to Providence and the Government. Yet, a Panic Insurance Company that would pool all wealth might enable civilization in this neighborhood to sleep soundly through the typhoon.

The British Government pooled all stocks during the war, and the details here could be left to some oil promoter, or to an editor omnisciently gifted with a typewriter which instructs fate in the way it should go. Even statesmanlike panic-averters, such as coining half-cent pieces for tips, pale into puerility beside this idea—this "early and provident fear which is the mother of safety." Let the plan be propagated—a vast propaganda against nightmares, goose-flesh and the fear of poverty. This is nothing to a nation that added an hour to the day and took it off again.

With the panic settled, we shall all have more time for piety. The Lilliputs may object, but the titanic grasp of our giant of gold shall seize the panic by the horns and fling it across the Styx—where it may wail to the sinking spirits that the Yankee goblin will get them if they don't watch out.

* * *

SENATOR CALDER frankly acknowledges that he would like to be vice-president of these United—more or less—States. Slightly prefixing Henry Clay's immortal renunciation, the average contemporary statesman would rather be in right than be vice-president.

* * *

At wrestling and fencing matches in Japan the umpire always uses a large fan, and the various motions of this large fan constitute a language which the contestants understand perfectly.—Informative Fragment.

As in baseball in this country. The Fans here speak a language which the contestants invariably understand.

GENE DEBS for President, is the Socialist slogan. Debs, who is serving a ten-year term in Atlanta Penitentiary, is said to be "the only candidate in the field." The infield, obviously; not the outfield.

* * *

King George's latest photographs show that his trousers are creased down the side instead of down the center.—London Sensation.

Possibly, British royalty is getting ready to sidestep.

* * *

IF you let the "Wets" tell it, gentle reader, you will gain the impression that the bed-rock of the liberties of the English-speaking race was known as the Magnum Charter.

* * *

"A larger demand from the housewife for cuts from the shoulder would help."—The Packers' Bulletin.

The packers convey the impression that the American housewife should be out looking for trouble.

* * *

GREAT BRITAIN, it now appears, would let Germany recover—and then pay damages. Or, as a boxing fan might visualize it, Germany takes the count of nine, staggers to its feet, and then goes through the ropes.

* * *

There are worse things than being half cracked. Lots of people are absolutely broke.

Some men would even work overtime to give the devil his due.

* * *

NO memory system has yet been invented which enables the average husband to recall his wedding anniversary.

* * *

"THE quietude of genuine power," an expression coined recently by the President, is the placid calm which comes over a man when he gets the fourth ace in the draw.

* * *

UNTIL we saw a fat woman running down a long station platform, in an attempt to catch a two-car train, we had supposed that a sprinter in a hundred-yard dash could make more faces than anybody else in the world.

Drawn by HERMAN PALMER

Digest of the World's Humor

BABIES

His First Meal—Mother was giving baby his daily vocabulary drill.

"In the morning when we eat what meal is it?"

"Oatmeal," was the lisping answer.—*Indianapolis News.*

Still Fond of the Rattle—*Redd*—So you've had the baby out in your flivver, I see.

Greene—Oh, yes, I take him out every day in it.

"Does he like it?"

"He's tickled to death! You know he was brought up on a rattle."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Why Not?—*Flatbush*—Have they decided on a name for the baby yet?

Bensonhurst—Not yet.

"Why the delay?"

"Well, she wants it called after her father—Peterson."

"And he?"

"Oh, he wants it called after his father whose name is Peter."

"I suppose they'll compromise."

"What do you mean by compromise?"

"Why, call it Pete."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Undesirable—"Say, mamma, was baby sent down from heaven?"

"Why, yes."

"Um. They like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"—*The Home Sector.*

Just Like Pop—*Mrs. Bacon*—Does the baby take after you or his father?

Mrs. Egbert—Oh, his father.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because every time the little dear opens his mouth he puts his foot in it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Buy Products

"Laissez-moi au moins mes bottines et mon plastron."

"Non, mais! Au prix où est la vie, vous voudriez me voler de cent cinquante francs?"

Citizen—Leave me at least my shoes and my shirt.

Highwayman—What! Deprive myself of a good fifty dollars' worth at the present H. C. of L.? Nothing doing!—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

She Was Honest—*Mrs. Flatbush*—Did you ever act as a judge at a baby show?

Mrs. Bensonhurst—Oh, yes; once.

"I suppose you had a good deal of trouble deciding which was the most beautiful baby?"

"I did not. My own child was in the show."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

In Father's Footsteps—*Mrs. Smith*—Does the baby take after your husband?

Mrs. Jones—Yes, indeed. We have taken his bottle away from him, and the other day the little darling tried to creep down the cellar steps.—*The Home Sector.*

LAWYERS

Overdone Defense—The visitor to the lawyer's office stood in amazement.

"I say, old man!" he exclaimed. "Whatever has happened to you? Had a motor smash or what?"

The lawyer shook his head wearily as he gingerly touched his bruised and bandaged face.

"No. You remember that case the other day when I defended a man charged with assault? Well, I made a strong plea for him on the ground that he was a fool rather than a criminal."

"Yes, but——"

"I did it so well that he was acquitted and he waited for me outside the court."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Maybe So—In an Irish courthouse an old man was called into the witness box, and, being confused and somewhat near-sighted he went up the stairs that led to the bench instead of those that led to the box. The Judge good-humoredly said:

"Is it a Judge you want to be, my good man?"

"Ah, sure, yer worship," was the reply. "I'm an old man now, and mebbe it's all I'm fit for."—*Youth's Companion.*

Her Theory—"I should hate to have a husband who argued. I shall try to marry a lawyer."

"Why, lawyers are the very men who argue."

"But not without a fee."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Legal Wisdom—*Young Lawyer*—If our case fails, what would you suggest?

Old Ditto—If at first you don't acquit, try again.—*Baltimore American.*

A Rhythmical Beat

Judge—If the room was in darkness, how do you know that it was the musicians who attacked you?

Complainant—Because they kept such good time!—*Der Brummer (Berlin).*

Pedigreed—*Lady*—Is this a pedigreed dog?

Dealer—Pedigreed! Why, if that dorg could talk he wouldn't speak to either of us.—*New York World.*

Fido's Dinner—*Mr. Styles*—What is that disagreeable odor coming from the kitchen?

Mrs. Styles—Why, the cook is grilling some bones for dear little Fido.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Explained—*Bacon*—They say a merciful man is merciful to his beast.

Egbert—Of course. That's right.

"Then you are not a merciful man."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I saw you kick your dog today."

"Oh, that wasn't my dog I kicked. That was my wife's."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Dignifying Scraps—*Mrs. Styles*—And that is your pet dog?

Mrs. Wyles—Yes. Isn't he a darling?

"And you give him scraps from the table, I suppose?"

"Indeed, I do not. The precious dear gets no scraps. He gets the remnants."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

True Boast—"Jorkins was boasting of his pedigree the other day, and I don't believe he has one in his family."

"Oh, yes, he has. It belongs to his prize dog."—*Baltimore American.*

"Voyons, monsieur le chef de gare, voilà deux heures que j'attends mon train!"

"Il y a bien vingt ans que je suis ici pour les attendre, moi, les trains. Est-ce que je fais de la rouspetance!"

Passenger (at station)—See here, I've been waiting two hours for that train . . .

Station-Master—Well, I've been here twenty years waiting for trains, and I'm not kicking.—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*

The Main Object—"I intend to start on a sea voyage tomorrow."

"Are you going because you want to get a view of reconstructed Europe?"

"No; I am going because I want to get a drink."—*Baltimore American.*

Horrified for a Moment—At a very convivial dinner a man with a naturally solemn face arose, glass in hand, to propose a toast.

"May we never," he said, in deep, measured tones, "drink any more of this stuff——"

He paused, and there was a horrified silence for several seconds—"than is good for us!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

Weighing the Question—"Any malaria around here?" inquired the stranger.

"I dunno," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop, very cautiously. "Did you come prepared with any special medicine for it?"—*Washington Star.*

Appropriate—"I see where a number of wealthy Americans sojourning in Cuba have formed a club."

"What do they call their organization?"

"The 'Tank Corps.'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

A Noble Dowry—"So Freddie is engaged to that homely Dystiller girl, eh? What's he marrying her for, her money?"

"S-sh! When prohibition came in old man Dystiller was left with three million gallons on his hands that she'll inherit some day."—*The Home Sector.*

Some Buyers—"Now there is a project to ask Congress to put a million-dollar tax on a quart of whisky, which would effectually prevent its sale."

"Well, I don't know. There is plenty of money in this country. And, judging from present prices cheerfully paid, there might be a few sales."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Most Considerate—"The captain of our ship proved to be a thoughtful man."

"How so?"

"As soon as we crossed the three-mile limit, after leaving port he ordered the ship's siren blown to let everybody on board know it was safe to take a drink."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Practical Circumlocution

"I just called, Madam, to say—h'm—how sorry I was to hear you had lost your husband. H'm—h'm. But we all have to tread the same path. M'm, haw. And—h'm, h'm—I was wondering if the house is to let?"—*The Passing Show (London).*

The Difference—"What's the difference between the old Nihilism and Bolshevism?"

"The Nihilists wanted to keep everybody from having anything, while the Bolshevists want to grab everything in sight."—*Baltimore American.*

Dear as a Gift—Billy was an ironmolder, but being on strike he could not pay his rent. So on rent day Bill went out of the way of the landlord, and left Mrs. Billy to face the music.

Returning home at night, he said to his wife:

"Well, Polly, how did tha goo on wi' th' landlord?"

"Oh, Billy," she cried, in ecstasies, "whaat does tha think. Th' landlord's giv' us th' hoose fur our very own."

"Whaat," roared Billy, "an' did tha accept it?"

"Suttenly," said Polly.

"Well, tha foo'," continued Billy. "We's ha' to pay t' rates noo."—*London Telegraph.*

Off and On—"Didn't you see me fall off, conductor?" he shouted.

"Yes, sir, I never seed the like of it before."

"Then why didn't you stop?"

"Sto,!" ejaculated the conductor. "'Ow was I to know you wanted to get on and do it again!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

No Wonder He's Crazy—"This poor fellow is in a terrible condition," said the visitor.

"Yes," replied the asylum attendant. "He's the most violent patient we have in this ward."

"What caused him to lose his mind?"

"He tried to figure out some way to harness the energy that was going to waste in tango parlors."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Missed Seeing a Celebrity—"How did you enjoy your Mexican trip?"

"I was disappointed," replied the tourist.

"How so?"

"It was announced that Villa in person would rob our train, but he sent an understudy."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

(Continued on page 20)

Considered Slow—*Mrs. Myles*—I hear your daughter is going to marry young Huggins?

Mrs. Styles—Yes, it's all arranged.

"I'm sorry."

"Why are you sorry?"

"He's said to be a very fast young man."

"Fast? Say, he's been keeping company with her for four long years!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

With Help—*Pamela*—Man proposes——

Patience—Yes, but he needs encouragement.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Keeping It From Father—*Chollie*—We have been engaged for a fortnight, now, dear.

Mollie—Yes, Chollie.

"And have you told your father about it yet?"

"How mean of you, Chollie! Do you want to have the engagement broken so soon?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

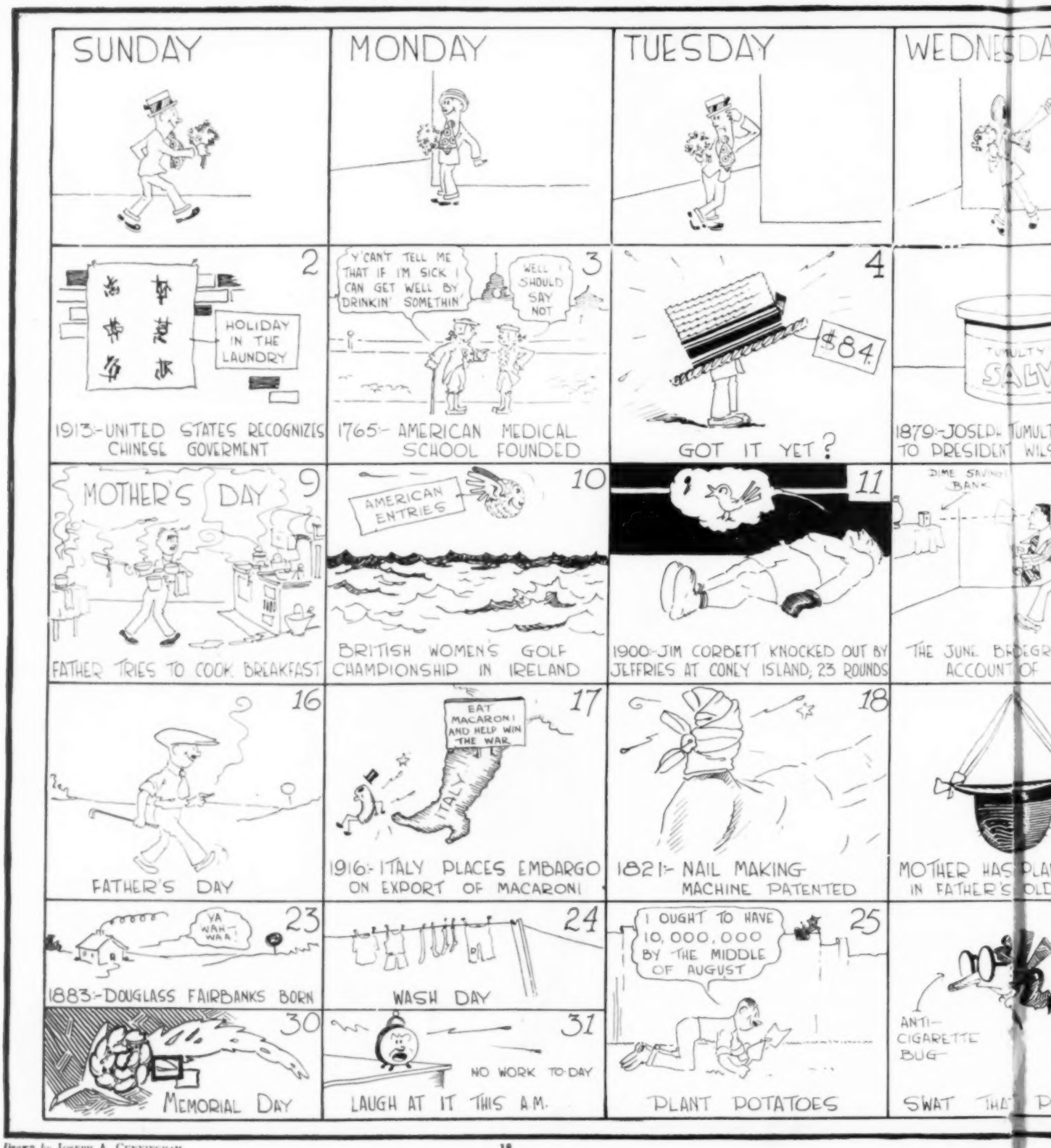
No Place for Hurrying

"Ne bougeons plus . . . hein?"
"Pardine, si on voulait ficher le camp, on serait pas cons!"

Photographer—Now, don't move!

Country Couple (waiting to be photographed)—Pshaw! If we wanted to make a getaway, we wouldn't have come here.—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

Try This Useful Little Calendar for May on th



Drawn by Joseph A. Cunningham

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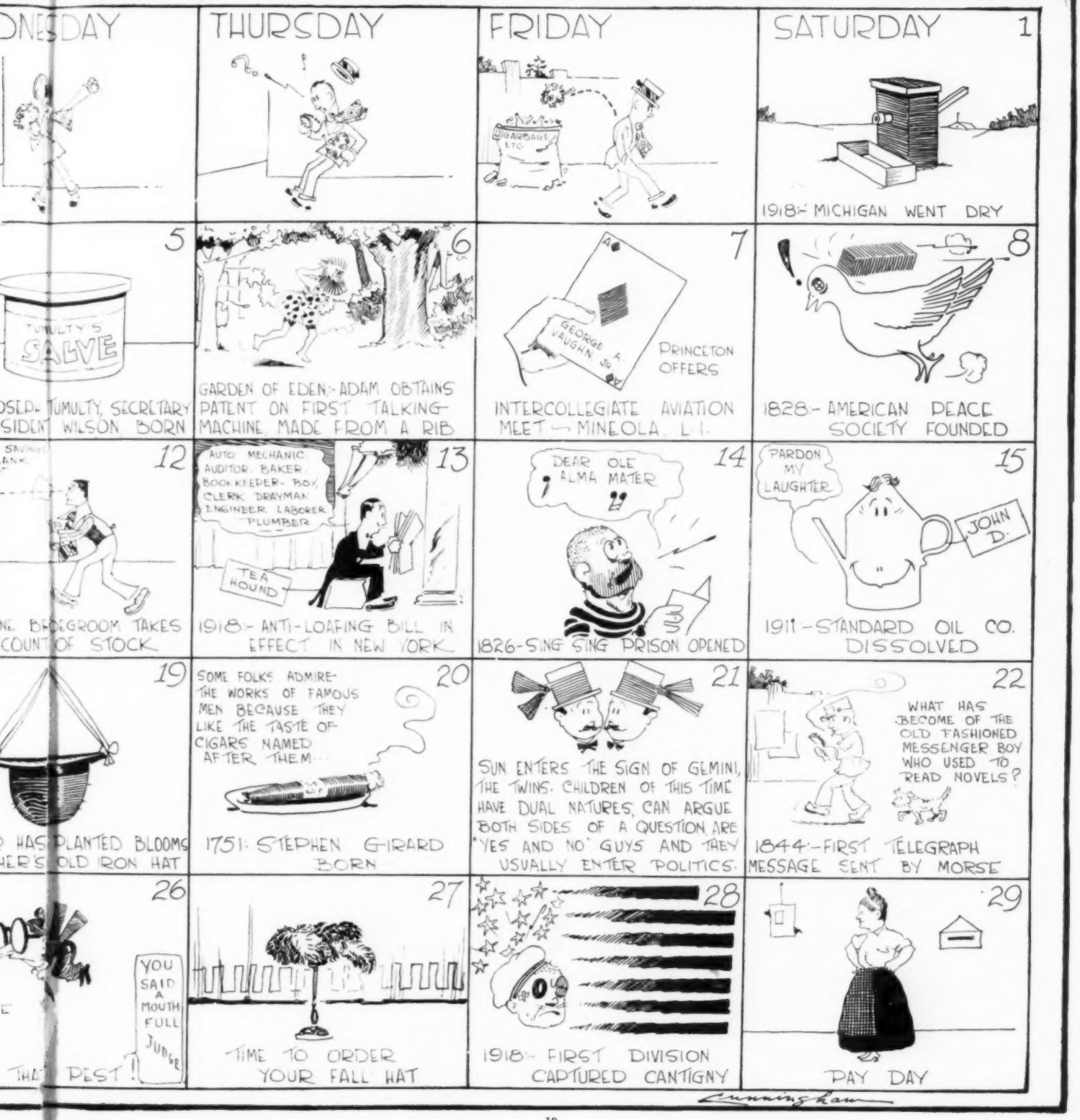


INT IN BINDING

A Large Order

What do you think of my ring?"
"Where were you measured for it?"—*Fliegende Blaetter (Munich).*

FRIEND STEVEDORE

Note: The American stevedore is still on the job in France.

I'm a sweatin' Army stevedore, I gets a soldier's pay.
I joined up for a soldier once—I'll not forget the day—
I gets a gat all proper an' comes pikin' over seas
Prepared to meet this Jerry gent an' bring him to his knees.
Two long, sad years I've been here now a-jugglin' Army freight
From Somewhere West of Old New York an' East of Golden Gate—
I've got a World War ribbon—gold stripes a full quartet:—
The Army's come an' gone again—I'm steve-a-dorin' yet.

I've worked alongside Jerry, an' old Frenchy's helped me through,
An' heathen Chinks what never blinks, an' bucks from Timbuctoo;
An' Greeks from Asia Minor, an' some Spaniards, Poles an' Wops,
An' Tommies fresh from London Town, an' ex-Calgary cops.
For it's "En avant that box-car," an' a "Halte, la! Git! Allay!"
"Zwei cases nach," now "Tout de suite—toots sweeter, s'il vous play."
"Mañana fini arbeit," "Mañana?" "Nichts compree!"
"Demain, then, Asel—morgen!" "Si . . compree . . yes . . ya . . oui!"
I'm a sweatin' Army stevedore, I gets a soldier's pay
But I parleys all the lingoes what they hablas here today.
It's all-same-même-chose what they shoots, I gets 'em on the spot;
The Heinie choppin' hard an' cold, the Wop what's soft an' hot,
The Chinese pidgin sing-song, an' the Alabama drawl,
The bloomin' Cockney chatter an' the patois of the Gaul.
I'm a jingo on the lingo, I'm the goods "comme interprete"—
The Army's come an' gone again—I'm steve-a-dorin' yet.—*The Home Sector.*

The Recluse

He scatters splinters everywhere
Which often he inspects;
And on his shoulder he will wear
The chip that he selects.

And in the pile that he has made
From staff well-grown or scrub,
No doubt material is displayed
To serve him as a club.

Sometimes against the telephone
His eager ear is set;
And then he murmurs with a moan
"It's not already yet."

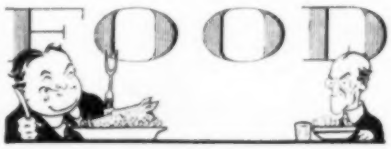
While in Berlin they bolt or balk
With motives bad or good,
Old Wilhelm simply lets them talk,
And keeps on cutting wood.
—*Washington Star.*

Vienna Bread

"Oh, mother, I've got a splinter in my tongue!"
"You silly boy! How on earth did you get it there?"
"Oh, that's easy! I just ate a bit of Peace bread."—*Die Muskete (Vienna).*

Rather Bald, Old Top

"*Mademoiselle, je vous serais infiniment reconnaissant de dire à M. Dupinceau que j'étais venu pour lui demander s'il consentirait à faire mon portrait, la tête seulement.*"
"*J'vois que monsieur, aussi, pose le nu.*"
"Mademoiselle, I'll be infinitely obliged to you if you will tell M. Dauber that I've come to ask him to do my portrait."
"Oh! I see you, too, pose in the nude."—*Le Rire (Paris).*
(Ever watchful for the safety of the reader, "Judge" has somewhat "edited" the drawing.)



Scientific—*Doctor*—As for your trouble with your husband, madam, I may tell you it is a scientific fact that meat causes bad temper.
Mrs. Bloggs—Oh, yes, I've noticed that it always does when it is burned!—*N. Y. Evening World.*

Ordered—*Customer*—Waiter, give me some hash, please.
Waiter (ex-army cook, shouting back to the cook)—Clean up the kitchen.—*American Legion Weekly.*

Tastes Alike—*Flatbush*—Do you and your wife get along pretty well?
Bensonhurst—Oh, yes.
"And have you both similar tastes?"
"I think so. I don't believe she likes her cooking either."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Out of Season—*Waiter*—What was your order, sir? I'm sorry to say I have forgotten it.
Diner—I gave it so long ago I don't remember, but I'll change it, for it would be out of season now, anyway.—*Boston Transcript.*

AUTOS

Sure Sign—"Smith must have bought a car," remarked Jones.

"What makes you think that?" asked Brown.

"He used to talk about the blank-blank automobiles," replied Jones, "but now he is talking about the blank-blank jaywalkers."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Brisk Competition—"Why did you discharge your chauffeur?"

"He wouldn't listen to reason," replied the gay bachelor.

"From a traffic policeman?"

"No, from me. He didn't seem able to realize that it was more important for me to keep my engagements with members of the fair sex than it was for him to keep his, the car, of course, being mine."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

The Hidden Face—"Hello! Is this Mr. Jigson?"

"Yes."

"This is Smith. Can I borrow your auto for this afternoon?"

"Why, no. I shouldn't think you'd have the face to ask for it."

"I haven't. That's why I'm asking over the phone."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Kind Mother Used to Take

Snil gammel tante—Jaja ven min, hvilken sort konfekt liker du best da?

Lille pike ivrig—Aa helst noe som mama ikke liker, for ellers faar jeg ikke beholde det.

"What kind of candy would you like, dear?"

"Buy something that mother doesn't like; otherwise she'll not me leave any!"—*Karikaturen (Christiania).*

No Help Wanted

Senyoret. . . Set setmanes que no treballem . . .

Jo fa cinquanta anys, i no em queixo.

"Sir, help me! I have been out of work six weeks!"

"Well, I've done no work for fifty years and I don't want anyone to help me!"—*Campana de Gracia (Barcelona).*

All Fixed—"Why don't you provide something for a rainy day?"

"Ain't I got everything? Nonskid tires and chains."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Helping the Chauffeur—A salesman was showing an elderly lady the virtues of the car he sells. He made many turns and at the proper times extended his arm as a turning signal.

The old lady watched the proceeding for some time. Then she craned her neck and looked at the sky.

"Mister," she said sternly, tapping him on the shoulder, "you just tend to your driving. It don't look like rain nohow, but if it should I'll let you know."—*Dayton Journal.*

A Little Lesson—"How is Mrs. Gadder getting along in driving her new car?"

"She's learning."

"Good!"

"Yes. She learned yesterday that although sidewiping a fire plug doesn't damage the fire plug particularly, it leaves an automobile looking much the worse for wear."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

EDUCATION

Valuable Discovery—"Well, Tommy, did you learn anything at school today?" asked the proud father.

"Yes, dad," replied the youngster with pugilistic ambitions.

"Fine! What was it? History, geography, grammar——?"

"No, dad. I learned that Sam Snoggs, the butcher's son, packs an awful punch in his right."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Good Business—"Your business college for young ladies seems to be all right."

"It is all right."

"Do you give the girls a good, practical business training?"

"In reply to that question I can only say that sixty per cent. of our graduates marry their employers the first year."—*London Telegraph.*

A Blighted Career—"He was a bright youngster in school."

"So he was."

"Always stood at the head of his classes. People predicted he would go far."

"And did he?"

"No. He's now the head of the school he used to attend and his salary is $1150 a year."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Unionizing the Hoboes

Nos revendications, mon cher? Les aumônes portées à deux francs!

How much shall we strike for? A minimum alms of two francs!—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

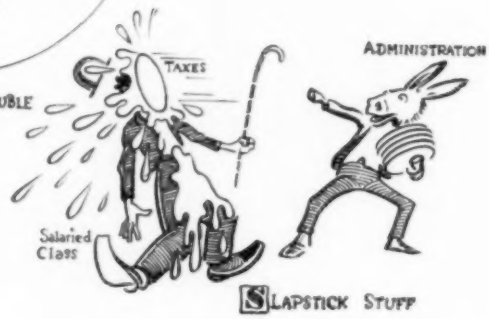
LOOK OUT FOR A HEADON COLLISION

GET OUT!

Holding the Mirror Up to Politics

INTERNAL TROUBLE

A GOVERNMENT PLANE



SLAPSTICK STUFF

Drawn by ELLISON HOOVER

Drawn by HERMAN PALMER

BAD BREAKS

JUDGE pays $1 each for accepted BAD BREAKS *clipped from newspapers, magazines or books. Original clippings, with source indicated, must be furnished to show the bona fide nature of the* BAD BREAK. *No rejected* BAD BREAKS *will be returned unless postage is inclosed. No material already published as* BAD BREAKS *will be considered, and no* BAD BREAKS *in advertisements are desired. The editor cannot enter into correspondence with contributors to this department. Mere typographical mishaps are not considered. Many duplications are received, and the postmark determines priority of consideration. Cheques for* BAD BREAKS *are sent upon acceptance.*

A Boy to the End—"Of the 477 CHILDREN'S cases reported, 225 were boys and 252 were girls. Almost a third of the 477 shot themselves. The youngest suicide, a boy, was only four years of age, the oldest was ONE HUNDRED."—*Detective Story Magazine.*

Buy Your Tickets Yesterday—"Margaret Matzenauer will be the artist at the ninth of the T. Arthur Smith Ten Star Concerts, at the New National Theater TOMORROW AFTERNOON OF NEXT WEEK."—*Washington Herald.*

Pulling Away from Facts—"The place being a nice-looking one with the names in gold on fly screening I decided to take a chance, and PUTTING MY TOOTH OUT OF MY HEAD for the moment I opened the door. —*Saturday Evening Post.*

The Pin Cushion—"I sat down on the side of the bed, AFTER PLACING MY HEAD ON MY BUREAU, and tried to figure the problem out."—*Mystery Magazine.*

No Hope for the Corpse—"The MURDERED policeman was shot three times and is not expected to LIVE." —*Morgantown (W.Va.) Post.*

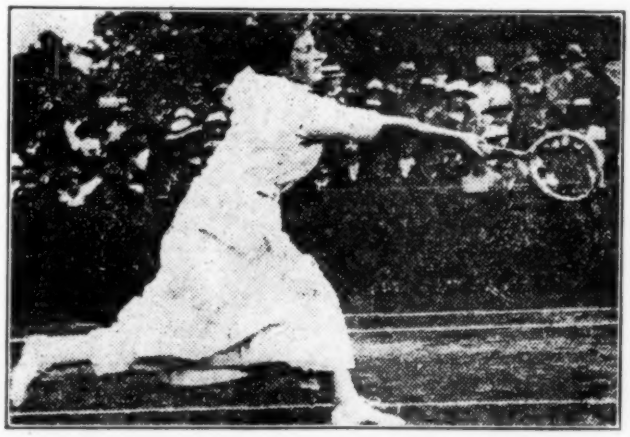
A Spook Constable—"His attention was drawn to the dead man as THE LATTER threw back the lapel of his coat and revealed a nickel-plated badge."—*New York Times.*

The Scriptures In At the Finish—"The bride, in a cloth-of-silver gown embroidered in crystal, carried a Bible, finished by a shower of sweet peas."—*New York Times.*

Sherlock, the Dog Detective—"The HOUND met him in the yard and took not only the thief's SAFE-CRACKING TOOLS, but a large section of his PANTS."—*Tacoma Times.*

Calendaring Couples—"Friday, THE THIRTEENTH, came on JUNE THIRD, last year, and but three couples braved the superstition at that time though the number who normally take out licenses to wed on every day in June is nearer twenty."—*Providence (R. I.) Tribune.*

An Historical Court Scene



"Unusual photograph of Abraham Lincoln seated with members of his family gathered around him. The photograph was taken while Lincoln was president and lived with his wife and sons in the White House."—*Public Opinion (Chambersburg, Pa.)*

Research and Science—"A piece of HEART of an UNHATCHED chicken cut from the egg in 1912 by Albert H. Ebeling of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, has been INVENTED for HEATING RIVETS."—*Tulsa (Okla.) Tribune.*

The Card Before the Hoarse—"For many winters May has fulfilled this delicate part on the open house program laudable, and with his previous experience and meditation on the subject, it is expected that his talk will be UNSURPASSED BY NONE."—*Austin Daily Express.*

Home to See the Doctor—"There are many advantages," says Captain Stenay. "Every man who RETURNED from the army was healthier when he WENT AWAY." —*Cincinnati Post.*

Their Infant Host—"Mr. and Mrs. Carl Sanders, of 1730 Vinton Street, are the guests of a SON, born Monday night."—*Lafayette (Ind.) Journal-Courier.*

Struck Him With Her Vocal Chords—"A frenzy seized Io's real self as a whirlwind seizes upon a leaf. Her frantic, groping hand tore loose a branch of the spiny shrubs beneath which she sheltered. Standing erect, she STRUCK the young, nervous bull across the haunches with a WILD SCREAM."—*Munsey's Magazine.*

THE SHOW SHOP

Drawn by HERMAN PALMER

The Dungareed Drama

By PERRITON MAXWELL

THE revolt of the American people (at least that part of it which likes to see itself in type and half-tones) against the High Cost of Clothing and expressing itself in the adoption of overalls and calico, will doubtless thunder its way into the quiet realm of the theater. When an economic wave takes on the coloring of a great virtue and the most timid and self-effacing members of the common social scheme are emboldened to fervently espouse a cause so popular as to be beyond criticism, the aforesaid wave generally comes slap up against the stage and its managerial consciousness. With the denim overall and the calico wrapper as the last word in American habiliments, be sure the purveyors of theatrical entertainment will take advantage of the sartorial upheaval before it becomes too general. Doubtless some enterprising *entrepreneur* of musical comedy is already at work upon a setting of cheese-cloth and linoleum, with a pony ballet arrayed in dungarees and a male chorus done up in twilled drab cotton *à la mode*. Give economy an ell of a chance and it will take a yard of denim.

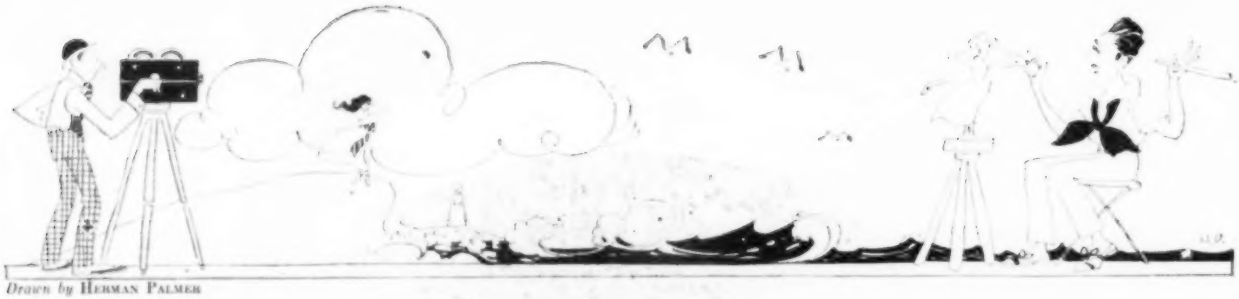
If old H. C. L. is to be fought to a finish, both in and out of the theater, we may expect some startling revelations in the play world. The gilded proscenium may give way to unadorned cobblestones, the reserved and aristocratic box with its colorful draperies may be displaced by unhewn logs and cheap chintz, the orchestra chairs ripped out for a seriated row of discarded fire-plugs. With the economic fever at its height there should naturally follow an orchestra outfitted with harmonicas, tissue-covered combs and tin flutes, the usherettes arrayed in gingham smocks, and the program printed on butcher's paper. Not to stop at these minor details there can be no reason at all why the managers themselves should not sell their limousines and ride to their offices on bicycles. The box-office autocrat will certainly have to abandon his diamond stickpin (but never his superior manner) and will hand out tickets printed on the off-side of used envelopes. Contracts between managers and actors will be drawn on the tails of discarded white shirts. Make-up material will be made of brickdust, whitewash and laundry bluing. Any player, male or female, discovered in a new suit of clothes will be fined a season's salary and compelled to appear in any character attired in burlap undies or oilcloth B. V. D.'s. Gradually the simple life will grip and hold the theater and its people until the last vestige of swank and ostentation has peacefully passed.

ANN ANDREWS, the vamping grass-widow in Willie Collier's farce, "The Hottentot," pauses to count the checks surrounding her to make sure she can afford the summer headgear she is trying on.

If we are really launched upon an era of drastic and visible economy the play itself will have to be taken in hand. There is, for example, a great waste in the four-act melodrama. Most of them would be improved if cut down to a half-hour monologue or, at most, the good lines all brought together in a few speeches and the big situation pulled off in the first act. In the case of musical comedy the expensive lighting effects, the grand ensemble, the gorgeous gowning and the "plot" may all be thrown into the discard. Let us have the love duet and the "final clutch" at the very outset followed by the happy villagers chorusing the "hit" song of the piece. Let us have the story done in tabloid, the irate parent, the songful villain and the songless comedian conspicuous by their

(Continued on page 30)

JANE COWL, radiant and expansive in a super-hoopskirt, goes her charming way in "Smilin' Through," the spiritistic play by Allan Langdon Martin. In the picture she is visualized as the undying memory of the man she was to marry. Stepping blithely from the experience we call life to that which we term death *John Carteret* sees his beloved *Moonyeen*, and the message of the play is sketched in this bit of dialogue: *John:* Oh, my dear—thank God!—You've come back to me! *Moonyeen:* I've been here all the time—only you couldn't see me. *John:* Why, you're in your wedding dress—just as you were that night fifty years ago, as fresh, as young. *Moonyeen:* I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about. *John:* How can you bear to look at me—I'm old—my face is lined. My hair is white. *Moonyeen:* I see no lines. Your hair is nut brown. *John:* I'm bent and feeble. *Moonyeen:* You're straight and tall as a poplar. *John:* You see me like that? *Moonyeen:* I see you like that. *John:* It's a miracle. *Moonyeen:* It's love.



Drawn by HERMAN PALMER

The "Fillum" Wizards

By LENSO

WHEN the late Mr. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, remarked in one of his lines of immortality: "You take my word for it, Dickey, the Poor in a lump is bad," he doubtless meant what he said. But I'd be surprised if he meant *all* the poor, *all* the time. I bet even in his own mind he never meant to condemn every last Poor in the whole world. It's almost impossible to believe that even in his own experience he didn't meet and know, or at least *hear* of—somewhere—sometime—anyway *one* really good Poor.

Same way with Motion Picture Directors.

Fact is, like the Common People: You can condemn all the directors some of the time, and some of the directors all of the time, but there's no use trying to condemn all the directors all the time—or even all the pictures. It can't be done. At least, not with good sense.

Whenever I hear a guy sail in and lambaste *all* motion pictures, and *all* the men who make 'em, and tell how he never yet saw a photoplay he couldn't improve on himself, and how *all* motion picture directors are boobs, or how you can't find courtesy at *any* studio, and how *all* scenario writers are thieves and you dassent send 'em any sort of a scenario, no matter how rotten, for fear they'll steal it—why, whenever I hear a howl like that, I just think: "Old Man, That Lets You Out." I've seen more bum pictures than you have, and I've run against more poor fish in the motion picture business, and more discourtesy at the studios, and perhaps just as few brains, and I know of more bona fide cases of scenarios being stolen, and all that, than you could prove in a lifetime, and I'm willing to admit that some studios seem to have *awful* few brain-cells altogether, and that lots of pictures—most of 'em, maybe—are mainly gosh-*dinged*-awful punk. *But* I also know that there *are* good brains in the motion picture business, and that you *can* find courtesy at different studios, and that all motion picture directors *aren't* boobs, and that some mighty fine pictures have been turned out, and are being turned out right along, in constantly increasing proportion, and that if you could improve on 'em, knowing no more of the picture business than you do, you'd have been president of these United States long before this. Why, I even know that the worst writers are most afraid of having their scenarios stolen, and that the ones who know most about the picture game worry the least about having anything pinched!

Yessir, while it may be true that *most* motion picture directors, in the words of the old but familiar poem, were born of poor but dishonest parents, where father brought up the children while mother brought up the wood and coal, it is most assuredly not true of all of 'em. Most assuredly not. Nay. And Not So.

F'rinstance, there's a man named Griffith, who's apt to be mentioned in almost any discussion of motion pictures. I've had a chance to see and know quite a bit of him, first and last, and I'll have to admit I've seen mighty few men, in *any* business, or out of it, I've liked as much, or admired more. One has to be with him only a few minutes to realize that he's a Leader—a real one. And he's a real picture-story teller besides.

George Shaw, the Irishman—B., not the original—says the business of a real story-teller is primarily to interpret life. Well, the pictures of the man his associates call D. W. do that, I reckon. No matter whether you like them, as a whole, or not, you find in them the bits of real life—of revealing character, of humor, of tragedy, of cruelty, of affection, of pathos and

(*Continued on page 30*)

"HANDSOME IS AS HANSOM RIDES," THINKS JOHN BARRYMORE AS HE PROCEEDS TO CONVERT HIMSELF FROM AN ADONIS TO A CALIBAN IN THE SCREEN VERSION OF *Jekyll and Hyde*

Drawn by R. B. Fuller

The Runaway—Maybe It Would Be Best, After All, If I Went Back Home an' Took That Darn Castor Oil.

The Evolution of Hospitality

By Frances Morrison

(To a friend)

June 21, 1910.

Darling Edith:

It is wonderful here at the shore now. I am hoping every day that you will come soon. Come any old time and stay as long as you possibly can. If you would like, bring any of your family or friends with you. Any one who is dear to you is most welcome here. The bathing is fine and we take long horseback rides every day. We have just bought a new mare, and I am sure you will like to ride her. The Van Arsdel boys dance beautifully and have organized a dancing club which meets twice a week in our ballroom. Do come soon, dearest Edith. Wire what train, and we'll meet you any hour of the day or night.

With much love. . . .

(To a prospective cook.)

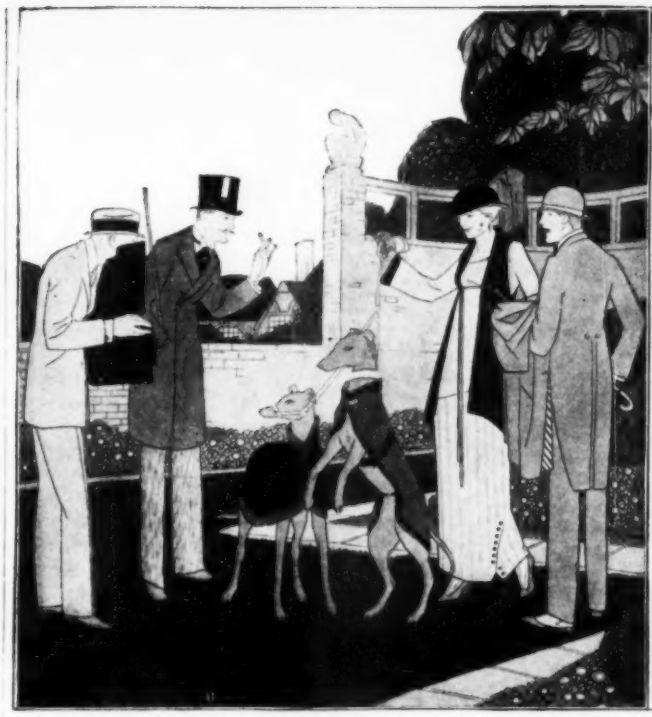
June 21, 1910.

Dear Mary:

I have examined your letters of recommendation, and have decided to employ you on probation at $30 a month. I wish it distinctly understood that I allow no nonsense between the maids and menservants. You will have one night a week off to go to prayer-meeting in the village.

You will arrive next Monday morning, bringing one trunk. Leave the city on the 5.45 A. M. train, as it arrives here at an hour convenient for us.

Yours truly. . . .



EGYPTIAN

DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette

30¢

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

(To a friend.)

June 21, 1920.

Darling Edith:

We would like to have you visit us from the 10th to the 17th of July. Please accept or decline by return mail. Do not bring more than one trunk, and on no account bring anyone with you. Take the 5.45 A. M. train from the city, as it arrives here at an hour which best suits the servants.

With much love. . . .

(To a prospective cook.)

June 21, 1920.

My Dear Miss Ryan:

It is wonderful here at the shore now. I am hoping every day you will come. The bathing is fine and my husband has sent to Kentucky for a lovely saddle-horse for you to ride. The butler is very handsome on horseback, and the footmen are excellent dancers and have organized a dancing club which meets twice a week in our ballroom.

Bring any of your friends or family with you, as any one who is dear to you will be most welcome. Just wire what train is convenient for you and we will gladly meet you at any hour of the day or night.

Most cordially yours. . .

Prevention

In a little town out West there lives a man whose sagacity and foresight are almost beyond belief.

Several years ago he bought a fine large umbrella. His first act on reaching home was to open up his purchase and paint on it in large glaring letters "*Stolen from B. B. Booth.*"

The village umbrella-borrower and all persons with the proverbial failing have shunned Mr. Booth as though he were a pestilence.

Soap Box Talk

By Bill Rendered

There should be more farmers,
More men to till the soil;
Too many men want collar and cuff work
Like myself!

Drawn by Arthur Gilbey

"How much is that?"
"How much have you got?

Ask for NIAGARA "Le Bellus Art"

Guaranteed WALL PAPERS

Write for our interesting Booklet

NIAGARA WALL PAPER COMPANY

NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.

Powder in Shoes As Well as Guns

Foot-Ease to be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne.

Under the above heading the Detroit *Free Press*, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses. What wouldn't you give to be relieved of one day's pain of your corns and bunions? Here is relief for *every day*. You won't realize this until you have tried Allen's Foot-Ease yourself. You simply forget all about your feet, they are made so comfortable. Ask your druggist to-day for a package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

O Beaut—y!

London proposes to revive the picturesque costume of the Beau Nash period. Fashion Note.

By Frederick Moxon

LAY out my satin breeches,
Of deep cerulean blue:
My vest, like damask peaches,
My coat of orange hue.
Bring forth the ruffled necklet,
My bosom's front to grace:
The cuffs, without a specklet
To mar their snowy lace.
Adorn my limbs—the nether—
With silken hose, full tight:
With shoes of russet leather
And buckles silver-bright.
The ribboned wig, sweet-scented,
In graceful curls let flow:
My hat, three sides indented,
At rakish angle show.
Where lovely Daphne lingers,
Her smile shall I obtain
When with bejeweled fingers
I flirt my clouded cane.

* * *

My soul is sore and saddened
By ugly modern clothes:
O, let our eyes be gladdened
With tints of gold and rose!

Looking Them Over

"You seem interested in that display of toys."

"Yep."

"An old fellow like you?"

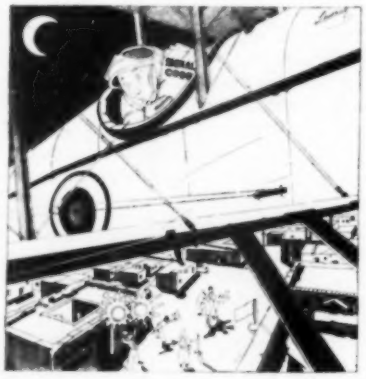
"Well, those are the toys I didn't have when I was a kid," said the old fellow as he turned away.

KNICKERBOCKER Broadway, 38th St., Eve. 8.30 Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30
HENRY W. SAVAGE offers
THE CAPE COD COMEDY
SHAVINGS
From Joseph C. Lincoln's Novel
"Like going on a summer vacation"—N. Y. World

Simplified Prohibition

By Foster Ware

THE era of simplified prohibition is at hand. Whether you get a drink or not is now a question of mathematics. Before it reaches a stage where a mastery of calculus and differential equations is required of the drinking classes a simple theorem should suffice to clarify the situation for the average individual. Thus we have, under the law of Volstead, one-half of one per cent. as the standard allowance of alcohol in 48 States. This is equivalent to one per cent. in 24 States, or 2 per cent. in 12 States, or 4 per cent. in 6 States, or 8 per cent. in 3 States, or 24 per cent. in one State. From this it will be seen that Americans have not really gone dry. They have merely put their alcohol down in decimals. As the number of States in the Union is subject to change, the percentage tables are likewise subject to change. The more States the stronger the kick. The annexation or conquest of Mexico would thus go a long way to solve the thirst problem. After that Canada and Central America might be attached. The possibilities for expansion under prohibition are unlimited. Give the government time and the original 48 States will again be enjoying something like the old 100 per cent. freedom.



Those Courteous Mexicans

By Donald C. Kerr

Illustration by Albert Levering

MEXICO is calm and peaceful (someone told me so,
Else I never would believe it) and I'm glad to know
All our troubles now are over, save perhaps a few,
Like a murder now and then, perhaps a raid or two.
These of course are merely details we must overlook,
They will be apologized for, that will close the book;
And whene'er below the border sails an army flier,
Mexicans will signal just before they open fire.
Courtesy like this of course will cause our doubts to cease.
Isn't it just great to have the benefits of Peace?

Hotel San Remo

146 Central Park West, New York City
(Entire Block)

OVERLOOKING Central Park's most picturesque lake. A most delightfully situated hotel of distinctive atmosphere, appealing to permanent and transient guests of refined and discriminating tastes. *Amid Beautiful Environments*

BOOKLET UPON REQUEST

Ownership Management Edmund M. Brennan

The Penalties of Power

By Tom P. Morgan

"NO matter what the fellers think that haven't got it, a public office hain't by no means a private snap," philosophically said the postmaster at Toad Rock, Ark. "Every little while something comes up to pester the official, no difference how keerful and consecutive he is about doing his duty. Frinstance, day before yesterday a gent that subscribes for the only Little Rock daily that comes to this office whirled in and took a couple of shots at me, just b'cuz he wanted his infernal paper before I was through reading it.

"A while back one of them durned Northerners, that think theirselves so devilish smart, writ a postal card to a lady yur, saying that the full details of that there scandal were as follers, and then put the rest of it in Latin or some such fool language. And about six weeks ago an impatient cuss that wanted his mail came in through the side of the office with an ax, when he knowed thundering well that I was off on a turkey hunt and would be back in three, four days. Aw, well, every rose has its thorn, and I reckon there hain't no—yaw-w-w-wn!—help for it."

FILE

your copies of JUDGE in this serviceable binder, made of silk-finished cloth, with JUDGE stamped in gold on the cover.

$1.50 Brings the Binder to You

LESLIE-JUDGE CO., 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Drawn by MERRILL DE MARIS

"Evelyn, I've decided to become a vegetarian."

"Did the doctor advise it?"

"No, the butcher, when I spoke to him about further credit."

Their Occupation

By STRICKLAND GILLILAN

"PRAY what are our congressmen doing
down there?"
Thus questioned my Reginald, guileless and
fair.
"Those senate and house members; what are
they doing
While time in unlimited lots is ensuing?
Make plain to me, father, their grave occupation
To earn what they're paid by a suffering nation?"
I answered: "My son, they're at work, nip
and tuck,
At saving their faces and passing the buck."

"Nay—what are they doing in matters of state?
Please, sapient parent, cut loose and relate.
Say what of the treaty 'twixt us and the others
To settle if we must be foemen or brothers;
Tell what of old Article Ten and the rest
They gabble about with such evident zest?"
I murmured: "My son, we are sure out of
luck:
They're saving their faces and passing the
buck."

"But surely some purpose they're serving, the
while
They're wasting good print-paper mile upon
mile
In printing the Record; they surely can't be
Just saving their faces and passing said b.!
Come clean with me, pater! I asked you for
truth.
I yearn not for spoofing—your words should be
sooth!"
I answered: "As sure as Sam Clemens wrote
'Huck,'
They're saving their faces and passing the
buck!"

WHEN W. L. DOUGLAS WAS FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE HE WENT TO SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS., TO LEARN THE TRADE OF FINE BOOT-MAKING.

HE WORKED FOR ANCIL THAYER, A FAMOUS BOOTMAKER, FROM WHOM HE THOROUGHLY MASTERED THE TRADE OF MAKING MEN'S FINE CALF BOOTS.

SEDAN MANUFACTURING JULY 6 1876

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$7.00 $8.00 $9.00 & $10.00 SHOES

BOYS' SHOES $4.50 $5.00 $5.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 107 of our own stores direct from factory to the wearer. All middlemen's profits are eliminated. W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-seven years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. If it has been changed or mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

W. L. Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, 145 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - - MASS.

Diminuendo

If ever I could see myself,
As folks must see me in the crowd,
I think I'd never sing again,
At least—not half so loud.

The Reason

Willis—Bump is sore at you. He says you promised to see him through.

Gillis—I did; but I saw through him.

Only Right

They were rattling along the country road in an old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicle. Suddenly a large white house loomed up on the right of the road.

"That house," drawled the farmer nodding his head in its direction, "is run by a couple of these here spiritualists."

"Do they take summer boarders?" asked one of the city girls.

"Nope," said the farmer, "only Ouija boarders."

In the Blood

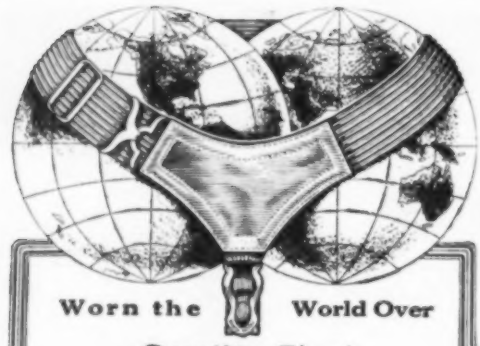
Willis—Bump says he comes of Colonial stock. Says his ancestors used to duck the witches.

Gillis—And their descendant ducks the collectors.

10¢ OR 25¢ Anti-Kamnia

AK FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA AND ALL PAIN—

Ask For A-K Tabs TABLETS



Quality First

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MAKERS OF
Velvet Grip Hose Supporters
for Women, Misses and Children.

The "Fillum" Wizard

(*Continued from page 26*)

bathos—that marks the work only of the world's great story tellers. Most of 'em get better and better, the more times you see them—and that's a pretty sure test.

Scads of people call Griffith a genius. By that they mean, I suppose, something like a cross between a superman and a half-wit. I'd hardly want to go as far as that. I like him too well.

Then, there's a director called Tourneur. Whenever you find one of his pictures advertised, you're pretty safe in turning in. They may be melodramatic, if he happens to be doing melodrama—but it's usually such rattling good melodrama that if you don't fall for it there's probably something wrong with your liver—or maybe your cerebral hemispheres don't function quite right. Three years or so ago Maurice T. directed a photodrama—not mellow—called "Barbary Sheep," with Elsie Ferguson. It was from the Hichens novel, and released as a program picture it didn't make any particular splash—but it was certainly one hum-dinger of a beautiful and effective picture.

Then, there's this chap Tucker. These days, if you didn't see his recent "The Miracle Man" you're living half a generation back. And while he may not possess quite the mastery of detail that marks the work of the directors mentioned above, anyone who saw that picture can realize that when it comes to handing a picture-story as an effective whole, he's never yet been surpassed.

And that's not all. There are quite a number of other directors among the leaders who turn out, from time to time at least, work that is surprisingly good. If you don't mind a touch of the theatrical, for instance, keep your eye on some of the effects secured by Cecil de Mille. Or, for plain clever entertainment, take a chance at some of the pictures from the Thomas Ince studios, that reflect the work of one of the best writing-minds in all filmdom—the man behind the directors there, C. Gardiner Sullivan.

But the dickens of it is—to climb back aboard the chronic grouch at the end of the chapter—there are dozens of utterly puerile pictures, made by ditto directors, for each one of those that the hereinbefore mentioned men produced. And it's still a hard thing, me lads, to pick your way among the eggs to find the real films.

We need more sign-posts.

A PERFECT SKIN

Is a Clear-Tone Skin

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. If you have Blackheads, Acne, Pimples, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin, write for *free* booklet, "*A Clear-Tone Skin.*" It will tell you how to perfect your complexion.

GIVENS CHEMICAL CO.
727 Chemical Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW!

SENT PREPAID FOR ONLY 50c.

This book is written by Margaret Sanger—the great birth control advocate—and although it was suppressed by the postal authorities, we are now permitted to send it to you.

It contains information never before published, and everyone that reads the book cannot help but be benefited. It is highly endorsed by eminent physicians. Send your order at once. Don't delay.

TRUTH PUB. CO., Dept. W. 1402 Broadway, N. Y.

Drawn by G. B. Inwood

"An' please Lord, if the men have given ye the vote yet, don't forget that Ma is runnin' fer Dep'ty Sheriff."

Usually

Mrs. Willis—I caught my daughter reading a book to day that isn't fit to have in the house. Of course I took it right away from her.

Mrs. Gillis—Quite right. By the way, will you loan it to me after you finish reading it?

"I Want a Drink"

THERE are a lot of folks in these United States who will sympathize with this cunning youngster's desire for a drink.

This dimpled infant reminding Mama that it's bottle time expresses an emotion not uncommon in these days.

It would be hard to resist the appeal of this picture, one of the many noted covers that have appeared on JUDGE, "The Happy Medium."

Reproduced in full colors, mounted on a double mat, all ready for framing, this appealing picture is yours for 25 cents, postage prepaid.

JUDGE ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
225 Fifth Avenue New York City

The Dungareed Drama

(*Continued from page 24*)

absence. The omnipresent T. B. M. will have lost a deal of his fatigue by the time he had put on a fresh pair of overalls and consumed his cabaretless dinner of shredded wheat and stewed prunes; his will to enjoy will be a pale sensation akin to a pin-prick on a frost-bitten toe. To be tired, or to be in business or to be a man, under the new economic regime, will be much too wasteful to be countenanced; the real economy of living will be a state of innocuous desuetude. Broadway at night will be Nirvana.

True to Form

Hokus—I knew a man who gave a girl an opal as an engagement ring.

Pokus—Gracious! Wasn't it unlucky?

Hokus—Sure. She married him, all right.

Misunderstood

Mr. Bond (glancing up from newspaper)—I see that Stockticker made a great killing in the street the other day.

Mrs. Bond—Is that so! Well, I was afraid that he would have trouble with that new car of his.

Don't Wear a Truss

MR. C. E. BROOKS

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 409A State St., Marshall, Mich.

The Utopian Day

By E. W. Teitzel

(As described by any salesman of Pacific or Gulf coast real estate.)

The Utopian arises and feasts on sunrise, home-grown grapefruit and invigorating air.

Plants two dozen almond seeds in back yard.

Motors to office over superb highways in car purchased with proceeds of ten-foot tomato garden.

Knocks off for lunch, having answered negatively 46 inquiries if his home is for sale.

Feasts on native peaches and grape juice. Motors home to water young almond trees in back yard.

Returns to office to find movie man awaiting him.

Closes deal for use of front yard for ten-minute movie scene. Consideration $150.00.

Drives home to find young almond trees budding. Does necessary pruning. Calls transfer company.

Plays golf and takes ocean dip near school of bathing beauties disporting before movie camera.

Home again. Finds young almond trees maturing first crop.

Dines on sea fish, dehydrated vegetables and sun-caressed fruits.

Sea breeze happens along at usual hour and shakes nuts from young almond trees into transfer company's three waiting trucks, which haul them to commission house.

Commission merchant sends check for $4,050 by motorcycle courier.

The Utopian berates nurseryman over telephone for misrepresenting almond seeds, saying first crop brought $50 less than he promised.

His Intentions

"You have been calling upon my daughter for a long while, young man. May I ask your intentions?"

"Why, er, certainly, sir; my intentions are to keep on calling, if there's no objection."

Drawn by R. B. Fuller

The Man Who Knows the Star

The Perils of Travel

A restless, bright-eyed urchin was scrambling up on the back of the railway seat, and reaching out his arms and legs in all directions.

Every few minutes he knocked off the tall silk hat of the fat man in the seat beyond, and presently an umbrella came tumbling down from the upper rack, nearly braining the fat man.

When the latter could stand the strain no longer, he turned to the occupant of the seat behind and said emphatically: "Madam, will you kindly look after your son? He is extremely annoying."

The lady, already burdened with three other mischievous imps, said in a most casual voice: "Johnny, sit down. The gentleman's nervous."

A Prophetic Straw

When a widow frequently drags into the conversation a statement to the effect that no earthly consideration could induce her to marry again, you can look for her announcement cards as soon as a man can be chased down.

Like D. T.'s

"I see they claim to have seen an animal in Africa as large as one of the prehistoric monsters, half-beast and half-reptile. What do you think that proves?"

"That we ought to make Africa dry."

Maillard
NEW YORK
Established 1848
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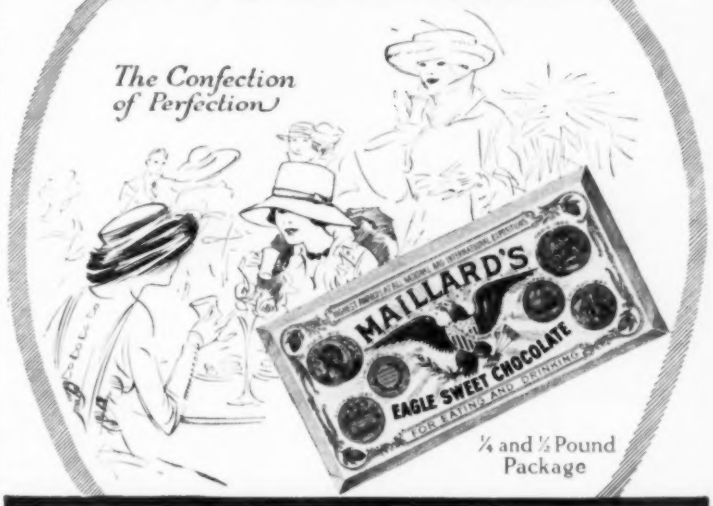
CHOCOLATE
CONFECTIONS



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Manager, Motor Department
LESLIE'S WEEKLY
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I am considering the purchase of a car to cost about $..... and am especially interested in one of the
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Type of body.....
Driven and cared for by { *.....self* / *...chauffeur*
Kind of roads over which car would be used.....I have owned other cars of the following makes:
.....
.....
The following cars of approximately the type in which I am interested are handled by dealers in my territory:
.....
.....
Please advise me as to the car best suited to my requirements.
Name.....
Address.....
.....
.....

Answers to Probloid No. 10

By GELETT BURGESS

Best reply to a bald-headed barber, who tries to sell you hair tonic

JUDGE has made no rule to prevent a competitor winning more than one Probloid. I must, therefore, crown again with laurels and a V-spot, the winner of the first competition. As, besides that, he was recently the victor in a competition by another paper, he is now practically a professional prize winner.

Nevertheless I am sure that every Probloidarian will agree that the following gem should be awarded

FIRST PRIZE

"*You have a poor head for business.*"
HENRY FISHER,
200 West 84th St., New York City.

Had I followed sentiment instead of sheer justice, I confess that Miss Edith Jones of Germantown would have won. She offered quantity as well as quality, as per viz:

"*You should put on more hairs in selling that tonic.*"
"*You're not a fresh hair fiend yourself, are you?*"
"*This is just a little more of your hairy persiflage.*"

Discarding the many that quoted Priscilla Mullen's "*Why don't you speak for yourself, John?*" and the manier variations of "*Physician, cure thyself!*" we come, in really a very few minutes, to another of our too-few lady-efforts, even if she is so bold a punster:

"*To Nick* (Tonic): *What a sham! Pooh!* (Shampoo) *Buy it yourself, Shahra'll* (so hair'll) *sprout.*

Words and parenthetical music by Miss Bertha Gendel of the Bronx, N. Y.

Another close-up to the prize comes from the pen of M. L. Suhling, of Hopkinsville, Ky. "*Will it make a hair-apparent for my empty crown?*" which, if the customer, instead of the barber were bald, would have made good.

Miss Helen S. Stevenson, of Elkhart, Ind., although she wrote the short way of the card, shot over a zishy one, too—"*Thanks very much, but bald facts never did interest me.*" She'll land, some time.

And we must mention, in closing Chapter 10, Walter H. Mitchell's Scranton, Penna., masterpiece: "*The Naked Truth has sold many a Remedy.*"

But, finally, we must warn Mr. Fisher not to do it again. He is now Horse Concours.

"The Sleeping Beauty"

By CUTHBERT HICKS

SOMETHING touched me on the cheek. I woke at once. There was Cousin George looking at me with the glint of mischief in his eye. I got up from the sofa and rang the bell. He backed towards the door in mock alarm. "Don't go," I said, "I've just rung for tea."

"Wherever a woman is flustered she rings for tea," he remarked.

"Do I look flustered?"

"You look—adorable, especially when you are asleep," he said.

"We won't discuss that. Here's tea."

"No sugar—thanks."

"I feel just as if I were married and had a home of my own when I pour out tea for you." He turned a solemn face to me.

"I'm afraid it is quite inevitable," he said.

"What?"

"Marriage for you—however, if you would take my advice—"

"Well?"

"Marry before you know your own mind: afterward you will find it more difficult."

I argued—"But surely early marriages are a mistake."

"My dear girl," said Cousin George, "the mistakes of youth are sometimes forgiven: those of maturity—never."

For some reason I felt annoyed. "I believe you are laughing at me," I cried.

"Heaven forbid! Oh, no; one of these days some young prince with a perfect profile will awaken you. When I saw you asleep I knew your awakening was very near."

"How gloriously exciting!"

"Your young prince may even now be stealing his first kiss from your lips: ah, you are blushing."

"I'm not, indeed, I'm not—he hasn't come yet, you see."

George was relentless. "Ah, but you have heard his footsteps: confess you have seen him in your dreams."

"I haven't," I protested, but I felt my cheeks burn.

"Well now, as a prince of middle age with no profile to speak of, shall I tell you how it was that the Sleeping Beauty made no mistake?"

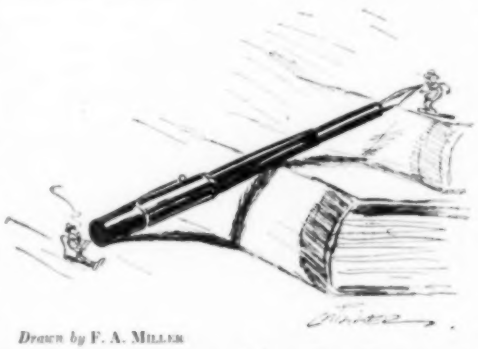
"Tell me."

"I think you ought to know."

"Oh, tell me," I said.

"She slept with one eye open!"

And he was gone.



Drawn by F. A. MILLER

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Affordisms

By Richard Butler Glaenzer

AFFORD or not afford, that is the hitch
In many a question now, to answer which
Depends a lot upon the neighborhood
Where you reside, whether your credit's good
Or skidding slowly downhill to a ditch.

Young Mr. Wiseguy will proclaim "A flitch
In time saves bacon," "Lost the boobs who snitch."
It's hard to say just what a fellow should
Afford or not afford.

Of course, if it's for show or speed you itch,
No matter what you buy you soon will switch
To Something Better since less understood
Like swopping Wilson for a Leonard Wood.
But who will ponder, unless newly rich;
"A Ford or not a Ford?"

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Drawn by Frank A. Miller

A Profit-Ear

The Flirt

By H. M. Sutherland

THE flirt is, and then the next moment she isn't. She is the composite of smiles, eyes, and unadulterated cussedness, draped in such variegated colors that she resembles an intoxicated rainbow and is about as hard to catch. She comes into this world a crying, cooing infant, and before she has reached the age of putting her hair up, she has half of the boys in the town crying because they can't coo in her sequestered drawing-room. Flirting is the oldest pastime in the history of woman. In the monkey stage she was in the tops of the coconut palms playfully toying with coconuts and smiling from behind a palm-leaf fan, and when the angel Gabriel shall have blown the last mellow note on his golden trumpet, and the saints of the past ages are gathered together to sing a gladsome hosanna to the King, then will some coy maiden peep shyly around her heavenly harp, and wave that eternal lace handkerchief at the second tenor in the celestial choir. Right in the middle of a good time she discovers that she is twenty-nine years old, and has the alternative of either marrying the bald-headed bachelor friend of the family who has always been the goat, or laying in a supply of rouge, rice-powder, hair-dye, corn-plasters, and cats, and teach music and expression until her voice and the poorhouse door crack simultaneously.

The Real Test

Sillicus—Yes, I am desperately in love with her. In fact I am beginning to think I can't live without her.

Cynicus—Why don't you marry her and find out?

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Weak, sickly, anemic men have no chance in the battle of life. Nobody gives them a second thought—they don't count. The STRONG man is the one everybody looks up to; who makes friends on every hand, who gets ahead in the world, who wins the woman he wants, who **makes a success of life.**

You never will get anywhere worth while, if you allow the poison of constipation to seep through your system, stealing away your energy and befogging your brain. You can't do any work that counts, if you are wracked by chronic dyspepsia and indigestion. You won't make friends to help you on, if biliousness, or any other ailment, makes you a sickly grouch.

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Irritating

"It makes her mad every time her husband says he loves his work."

"That's queer."

"Not so queer. He's a divorce lawyer."

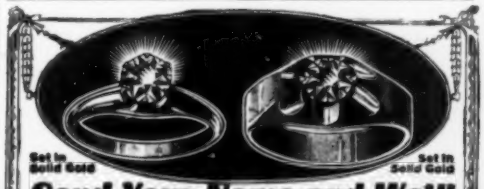
It Always Happens That Way

"Do you think now is a good time to buy stocks?"

"I'm sure of it."

"How so?"

"Because I haven't got any money to buy 'em with."



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"Here, boy, have the chorus put their pajamas on?"

"They have, sir."

"Has the heroine memorized those seven suggestive lines I gave her?"

"She has, sir."

"Was that wide, double bed substituted for the couch in the bedroom scene?"

"It was, sir."

"Do the dancers understand that they are not to wear tights?"

"They do, sir."

"Have the cabaret girls learned how to blush and giggle whenever they throw their legs in the air?"

"They do so efficiently, sir."

"Very well, then," said the President of the Modern Drama-As-She-Is-Spoken League, "you may inform the press agents that the artistic side of the production has been completed splendidly at a tremendous cost. The public is certain to appreciate the beauty of the costuming and scenery."—*Columbia Jester.*

Ballade to Cupid's Art

Old Schopenhauer has had his say,
  Nietzsche, Freud, and Strindberg, too,
The pessimists have gone their way,
  Strewing the hemlock and the rue;
Kraft-Ebing's jaundiced hosts pursue
  The whims of love, and Cupid's art.
But O my fair, 'tis sweet, 'tis true,
  Love finds his way to every heart.

Albeit to some he prove unkind,
  And some repent them for his stay,
Forget not, mistress, "Love is blind,"
  He makes mistakes as well as they.
And like to store in as play
  Where some find joy and others smart,
Having no choice we bow, and say,
  "Love finds his way to every heart."

And if his course seem strange and far,
  And cold and cruel the lovely jade is,
Let no man rant and curse his star
  Banishing love to fiery Hades;
Or if forgotten some old maid is
  Let no one frown, or doubt his art,
His Leap Year proves to all the ladies
  Love finds a way to every heart!

L'Envoi

Lovers all, as you dance and play it,
  And green-sick youngsters, free of art,
Join voices now, and gently say it—
  Love finds his way to every heart.

Iowa—Frivol.

How is it that a pretty Miss
With a mouth just made to kiss,
May have a Pa and Ma and Sis
That look like this?

—*Caroline Tar Baby*

A Life Well Spent

"Poor old Scroggs. So he remained faithful to his scientific career, eh?"

"Yes, he died from the fruits of his own toil."

"Then he was still seeking the possibility of perpetual life, through the medium of——"

"He put too much yeast in some grape juice."—*California Pelican.*

His Plaint

The guy next door is a violinist,
The sap across the hall is a pianist,
The rube above is a soloist,
The nut below is a victrolist,
My roommate's a linguist—
Can you wonder that
I am a pessimist?—*Yale Record.*

The Horrible Moment While You Wonder Whether She'll Remember You or Not.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Femininity

Ah! that word Feminine! The joys, the dreams and the fascinations that it brings. We have but to shut our eyes, and under its spell of magic there come flitting visions—lovely girls; girls that we have known and girls that no mortal man may ever know. Into our daydream they come, each one stopping before us for a brief moment, teasing, and then hurrying on to join the vague haze in the background of our mind, each one replaced by another, and each one, to our willing imagination, more lovely than the ones that came before it. Dancing girls, tennis girls, golf girls, according to our tastes they come to us, each perfect, and none attainable. Was there ever anything so wonderful as these girls who come to haunt our daylight revery! But look! What is that? Something seems to be forming in the foreground; all those others fade before this new creature of our fancy which is slowly taking on definite shape where they stood! Ah, this is the one that you have waited for through so long a time; surely this one will be more lovely than all the rest. Ah! there it is, nearly clear—a glimpse of brown hair, dark eyes—could anything be more alluringly attractive? But what is that gray garment that she is wearing, and why does she bring with her the ill-reputed odor of hydrogen-sulphide? Look again at her! Oh—! For a solid year you worked across the desk in Chem Lab from this cross-eyed monstrosity!—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

Yea, Reds

I hied me up
To the box office
And asked for two seats
To the theatre
And a shaggy, unaccommodating individual
Dished me out
Two in the twenty-second row,
And relieved me
Of a week's salary
And my car fare
As war tax
And so that there might be
Something free
About the transaction
I wrote this in
Free verse.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Versatility

Man in the Hall (to new clerk)—Yes, sir, you'll like this office; best on the floor. I know because I've worked in them all.

New Clerk (highly incredulous)—Impossible! Well, you certainly are versatile!

Man in the Hall—No—I'm the janitor.—*Pitt Panther.*

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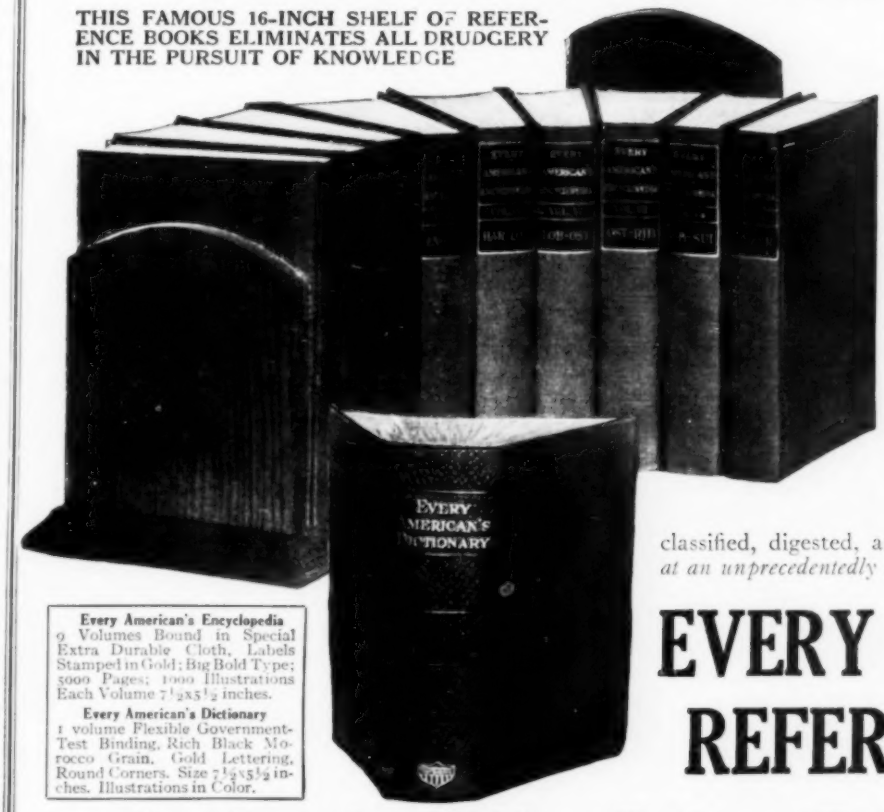

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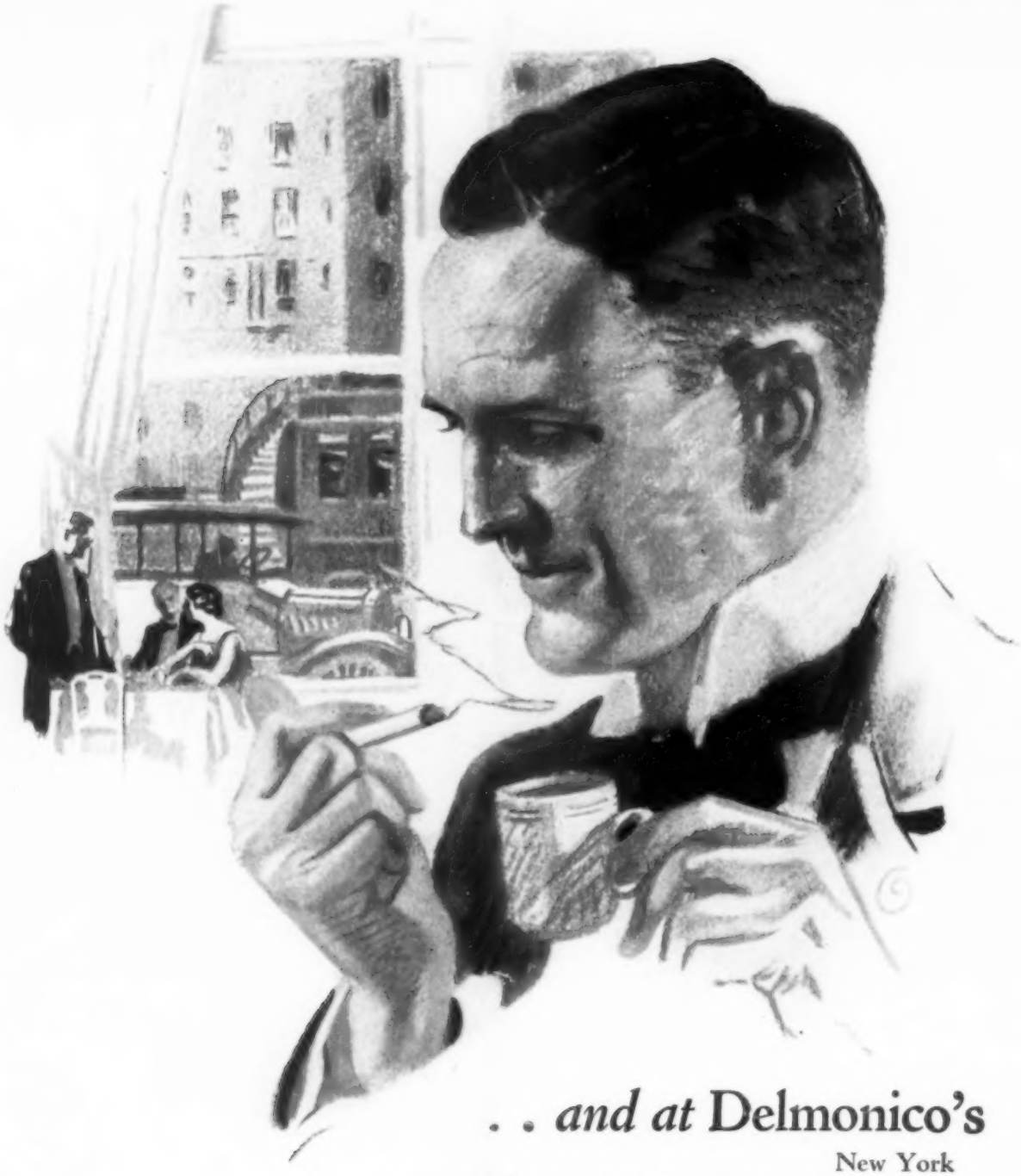

. . *and at* Delmonico's

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